

RAIDED BLACK CROOK BILLS IN MILWAUKEE

THE NATIONAL  
**POLICE GAZETTE**  
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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RAIDED BLACK CROOK BILLS.

INDIGNANT MILWAUKEE, WIS., WOMEN TEAR FLAMING LITHOGRAPHS FROM BARBER SHOP WALLS.





RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE.  
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JIM HALL and JOE CHOYINSKI

PETER MAHER and BOB FITZSIMMONS

RICHARD K. FOX, Prop'r,

The Fox Building,  
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

THE purists are at it again. This time in Milwaukee, where barber shops are invaded and offending lithographs removed.

THE woman who married a convict just as he was beginning to serve his term, must be a very patient person to put up with the postponement of the honeymoon.

BOYS will be boys, and that's a good thing, because if the Chattanooga college youths had been girls they wouldn't have climbed the balcony of that Cleveland seminary.

WHEN Yvette Guilbert sings her risqué songs there will be lots of folks who don't know the difference between a loaf of French bread and a New England biscuit, look horrified at what they will be pleased to call naughtiness.

IT IS a pity that a woman should denounce her husband simply because he wore a wig and had false teeth which she did not discover until after the wedding. She ought to be glad he didn't unscrew a couple of wooden legs and arms and lay them on the bureau along with his other artificialities.

THERE are different styles of pugilistic matches. The explosive, pyrotechnic match is the sort engineered by Corbett and Brady, while the silent match is preferred by others. Few persons will forget the agonizing wind-jamming and fireworks that accompanied the Corbett-Mitchell and Corbett-Fitzsimmons matches. It was all talk, and Corbett won every round. In sharp contrast is the Maher-Fitzsimmons match. The match was made in about twenty-five minutes, and the articles drawn up in an hour's time.

THE one and only John L. discoursed to some members of the Fourth Estate in Chicago, the tenor of his ebullition being that he once had \$2,000,000, but now that much worth of experience. But the big fighter was confident that he was still on earth and if either of the big bluffers were to take him on in a room and not in a twenty-acre lot, he would yet make them believe that the window would be their easiest means of exit. Most of them who took him on got back from the tomb, barring Pompadour Jim, and as John L. sadly remarks, "Oh, he licked a man that had tried to drink all the rum there was flowing on the continent." John's ideas on a hereafter are sublime, but it matters little to him, as he aptly puts it, having raised all the Hades he wants on earth.

## MASKS AND FACES.

Generous Proportions Which  
Captured a Naval Officer.

OWNED BY MISS MABEL HOWE

An Interesting Study of Mile. Jane  
May and Parisian Virtue.

HOW SHE BEAT THE CRITICS.

There was published on this page last week a paragraph telling of the elopement of Miss Mabel Howe, of the "Passing Show" company, with Lieutenant Chester White, of the revenue cutter Bear. The couple have not been heard from yet and are probably still enjoying their honeymoon. Their pictures, taken from photographs, are herewith presented. Miss Howe has the figure of an athlete and no doubt proved a good drawing card in the front row.

Miss May Heagle, variety lady, can cut a deep notch in the handle of her best parasol. That's the way the cowboys out West do when folks they know disappear from this globe. Of course it was Miss Heagle's fault that a man should love her. That is natural, for she is undoubtedly a very nice looking and lovable person. That goes without saying. The gentleman who loved to distraction is Mr. Sylvester S. Brown, travelling man for a New York jewelry house. I say is, but by this time it may be was, because when this is written Mr. Brown is in the City Hospital at St. Louis, with a



Mabel Howe and Her Dashing Lieutenant.

bullet imbedded in his anatomy, and it may not entirely agree with him. Briefly, Mr. Brown wanted to marry Miss Heagle, and she seems to have been satisfied, so much so that even the wedding day was set. He didn't have as much money as she thought he had, or ought to have, and instead of getting a minister he went out and got a pistol. The rest was easy. He was alive when found, and he was taken to the hospital. The story doesn't say what Miss Heagle did.

That is a great story they are telling about Mile. Jane May, the very vivacious young French woman who came to this country to do pantomime work some time ago. Of course there is every reason to believe it may be true, but if it really is the young Parisienne doesn't belong here, she ought to be in a glass case, lined with white plush and labelled "Don't Touch—Rare!" The story goes this way:

Not so many years ago Mile May was a member of the Paris Gymnase company, and an imprudent newspaper published an item to the effect that the young lady had alienated the affections and appropriated the

### Pretty, Dainty, Popular!

Clay Fitzgerald, 2 styles; Della Fox, Fanny Rice, Lillian Russell, Angelina Allen, Claudine Revere, Flo Henderson, Anna Mantell, Alma Egger, Virginia Earl, all tights; Leo Campbell, Yolande Wallace, Isabelle Coe, in costume; and hundreds of other handsome photographs. Price 10 cents each or three for 25 cents. Address RICHARD K. FOX, The Fox Building, Franklin Square, New York.

person of the young man who was supposed to be devoted to Mme. Jane Granier; it also insinuated amorous catholicity on Mile. May's part by the declaration that she was on more than the best of terms with Mous. Koning, the manager of the Gymnase.

Now, here was a pretty state of affairs. Every one knows there are always evil-minded people ready to believe guilty even the most innocent. A legal verdict in the actress' favor could not disperse the suspicion of the scoffers.

A woman of even more than ordinary strength of mind would have been hard pressed for a method of disproving the charges.

No so Mile. May, who heroically appealed to the police correctionnelle and requested the appointment of two medico-legal examiners, who afterward certified that the charges could not be true, as the young lady was, in fact, *virgo intacta*.

The wicked newspaper was condemned to pay 10,000 francs damages.

I should not, however, recommend this novel and conclusive defense to the majority of ladies similarly assailed.

Not that all of them couldn't come safely through the ordeal.

The Hengler Sisters, clever girls, who are skirt and clog dancers, have a grievance. They feel that Miss Deyo, who leads the famous snow ballet in the

which will probably see her safely through the winter, and if she is economical she may also win out a sealskin cape. Everybody has seen "The County Fair" and the rollicking character of *Tugus*. She was *Tugus* once upon a time. She was engaged at \$40 a week, and a month later she was discharged. So, after being out of work the time stipulated in the contract, she brought suit and recovered all the money.

Grace Filkins has a beautiful sealskin cape this year and she is doing quite well, thank you. She is playing a fine part in a fine manner, and she refuses an offer of marriage every day. The man who is said to be making this offer with the persistence of rent day is a millionaire, and it is whispered that Miss Filkins has all she can do to keep herself in check. She will probably keep on spurning his offers until she leaves the company she is with, for the very simple reason that a woman with a millionaire at her feet is worth more on the salary list than a woman who lives in a furnished room and cooks her meals on a gas stove. Miss Filkins doesn't cook on a gas stove, hence the millionaire.

When Eldorado, that wonderful spectacle, was in full blast on the banks of the beautiful Hudson, one of the prettiest ballet dancers was Miss Emma Richter. She danced handily and drew her salary every week but never once saw her name in the papers.

She didn't mind that very much, because she had not been educated up to that standard. Her limit was the salary. She knew nothing of the glories of the press agent's work.

But she married.

It wasn't exactly a spectacular affair, but it was odd enough and the papers were full of the story of how this dancer was courted by a wealthy young man in her parents' rooms, in the basement of a New York flat house, and how, when the bridegroom woke up the next morning in a bedroom, in Morristown, and learned for the first time he was a husband, he was ungracious enough to turn over and ask her what she was doing there.

"I'm your wife," she replied demurely.

The ungallant husband arose in a hurry, dressed himself and took the first train for New York. She went on the cars with him, but he didn't even so much as look at her.

That was the beginning.

The end is in sight now, for the chorus girl, with a baby in her arms, is suing him for separation and alimony, and every day there is something about her in the newspapers. She may go on the stage again and if she does she will probably have a press agent.

One of the illustrations in this week's "Gazette" represents one young woman trying to throw herself from a moving train while an athletic companion is doing her best to hold her back. The story is a very interesting one, in that it shows the effect champagne has on some stomachs. When the Washburn Sisters Fortune Company was en route to Boston recently, a merry gentleman who was travelling for a wine house became acquainted with some of the girls, and in the course of conversation he remarked that he had two cases of samples in the baggage car.

"What kind of samples?" asked an ingenuous maiden with golden locks.

"The real thing," replied the traveler, gayly. "Champagne, and the best in the market, made twenty-two years ago by a famous colony of French monks who denied themselves the pleasures of female companionship for no other reason than that they might put their souls in the wine."

"Don't you think it is a little too cold for it in the baggage room?" asked Tottie, coyly.

"Don't know but what it is," responded the drummer, and he forthwith sent the porter after the two cases.

That is the way it began.

There doesn't seem to be any doubt but the girls had the champagne taste fully developed, and the only reasonable excuse for them seems to be that there was too much wine, for when they were well into the second case they began to show certain hitherto dormant peculiarities. One of the soubrettes struck one of the gentlemen of the company in a most unladylike manner and then insisted on doing a contortion act in the aisle, while a third became inflated with a suicidal mania and promptly started for the door. She reached the steps and was about to jump off when she was rescued by Blanche Washburn, who pulled her back and gave her a chance to sob out the story of her life. History doesn't record what became of the original owner of the wine, but it is to be presumed that he is still alive and pursuing the erratic wine strewn tenor of his way, with two new cases of the liquid made by women-repelling monks of sunny France.

It was a red letter night for the ladies of curves and dimples when the West End Club, of New York city, gave their last entertainment in their swell club house. After a dinner of such huge proportions that four waiters, suffering from strained backs, brought about by carrying in the vands, were removed in ambulances, the ladies were brought on wrapped in blankets. The dropping of the first blanket disclosed to view the wonderful figure of Bebe Riel, who weighs 135 pounds, net. She danced, and she made such a startling hit that the spectators threw her all the flowers they could gather, and one over-enthusiastic admirer wanted to send her home in a coach and four. She compromised on a cab.

The bill was a brief but exceedingly interesting one, and included such performers as the Claffin sisters, Rose Decker, whose beauty caused one well known clubman to drink three cocktails, chasing, and Myrtle Tressider, whose very presence caused the electric lights to dance for very joy.

### One of Zola's Best.

The Fate of a Libertine. By Emile Zola, the author of "Nana." No. 2 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES, with 98 original and piquant illustrations. Sent by mail, securely wrapped, to any address, on receipt of price, 50 cents. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, The Fox Building, Franklin Square, New York.

Lola Bertelle has the happy faculty of making more money when she is idle than when she is working. She has just received \$1,180 from Neil Burgess,



## MARRIED THE CONVICT.

Within Black Prison Walls a  
Widow Weds a Felon.

## WARDEN'S WIFE GAVE ROSES

The Judge Who Had Sentenced the Man  
Was an Invited Guest.

THERE WILL BE A LONG WAIT.

There must be, to say the least, something unusual about the personality of Jerry Smith, who is at present confined within the four walls of the Kanawha county jail, near Charleston, W. Va., else how could he have so fascinated a most charming and handsome woman in so complete a manner as to gain her consent to a marriage while he was still wearing the clothing of a convict.

Not that there is anything remarkable in a free woman—and a charming woman at that—electing to wed the man of her choice between the gloomy walls of a prison. But in this case the acquaintance itself sprang up within those same walls; courtship was carried on under the difficulties inseparable from the environment, and throughout his curious love affair Jerry Smith labored under the distressing disadvantages of confinement and a sadly tarnished character.

And the bride? Well, there are many free and blameless men in Kanawha county and elsewhere who would have been glad to win her. Her name was Mrs. Mary Davis, and she was a widow. She is as plump as a partridge and has violet eyes, and a red, resolute mouth. She is the daughter of a prominent resident of Montgomery, W. Va., and is only 21 years old.

Yet it must be admitted that Jerry Smith is handsome, in a bucolic way. His cheeks, half hidden by a soft tawny growth of beard, are as red as apples; his eyes are blue and bright, and he is big enough and strong enough to tuck his little bride under his arm and carry her up to the top of a church steeple without exchanging eloquent glances.

Jerry Smith was arrested nearly a year ago for forging the name of William Thompson, of Lincoln county, to a check for a small sum. He behaved himself well in jail, and after a time was made a trusty. Hence, when Mrs. Davis paid her visit to the establishment he was deputed to act as guide to her and her female companion. Smith is not wholly uneducated, and he has a winning smile and a persuasive gift of speech. Before the little widow left the prison the pair were chattering gayly, like old friends, and exchanging eloquent glances.

Mrs. Davis called again and yet again. Each time she and the handsome trusty engaged in earnest conversation. During the intervals they exchanged letters. Then came Smith's trial. He was convicted of forgery, and a term in the penitentiary stared him in the face. That prospect did not dismay the widow. On the contrary, it served only to precipitate the matrimonial crisis that many shrewd observers had already foreseen.

Indeed, neither of them attempted any longer to conceal their mutual infatuation. And one day, when Mrs. Davis paid what bade fair to be her last visit to the stalwart prisoner, now no longer a trusty, he asked her if she would marry him. The widow did not hesitate for an instant. On the contrary, she threw herself into Jerry's arms with the glad cry:

"Of course I will, you big ally!"

All the usual preliminaries devolved upon her. First she went to the county recorder's office, and, with many blushes, procured and paid for a marriage license.

The marriage date was set, but it was postponed because a doubt was raised as to whether a convicted prisoner would be allowed to take a wife unto himself under the circumstances. The following week, however, all doubt was dissipated, and hasty preparations were made for the ceremony.

The warden's wife entered heartily into the spirit of the occasion and with her own plump hands wreathed the reception room of the jail with flowers and ferns. Even orange blossoms were not wanting. Everything that tended to suggest a prison was thus graciously concealed, and when the bridal couple entered—from confinement and she from freedom—the room looked refreshingly cheerful.

There were guests a-plenty. The bride brought many friends with her, and the groom was attended by several of his fellow-prisoners, who will share his confinement when he is sent to the State penitentiary. But the most distinguished person present was the trial judge, who wore a white camellia in his buttonhole.

The Rev. Mr. Briscoe read the marriage service with all the solemnity that he would have employed at the altar of his own church, and at its conclusion the united pair clasped each other in a long embrace, during which they murmured protestations of fidelity, despite the cruel separation that was to follow.

The bride, who was dressed in a handsome traveling suit, announced, as she dashed the tears from her eyes with the back of her ungloved hand, that she would immediately take up her residence near the penitentiary, in order to be near her husband.

### LIZZIE B. RAYMOND

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Miss Lizzie B. Raymond is a very clever young woman whose success on the stage is permanent. Perhaps the most stirring event in her life happened in a Cincinnati theatre where she was performing at the

time. In the audience sat Jack Haverly on the verge of insanity. When Miss Raymond appeared she sang "You used to be my papa, but you don't go now." This so amused Haverly that he promptly arose in his seat and began throwing money at the singer. Miss Raymond is a member of Weber & Fields new Vaudeville Club Co. the present season.

Her father was solicitor and adviser to the French Consulate in Chicago during the Franco-Prussian war of 1871-2. Her mother comes from an old Knickerbocker family of New York. Strange to say, she has also a sister and a brother who are well known in the profession. Kate Emmetts, of "The Emmetts," is her sister, and Dan McAvoy, of McAvoy and May, is her brother. Miss Raymond always has a new collection of songs, which she delivers in her own peculiar and original way. She is young, handsome and a good singer, and one of the neatest dressed ladies on the variety stage. She is jolly, and of a jovial disposition, and never fails to make friends wherever she appears.

Ready January 7th, 1896. The Police Gazette Sporting Annual. Price, 25 cents. Order your copy in advance from your newsdealer or from this office. Richard K. Fox, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

### PEDLAR PALMER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Pedlar Palmer is a pugilist of international prominence just now. He is the 112-pound youngster who, a week or so ago, defeated Billy Plimmer in England. This is the only authentic portrait of him that has appeared in America. It was sent here last week and Palmer himself will follow it shortly. He is willing to match with Jimmy Barry or Jimmy Anthony to fight, either in America or England.

### PANIC-STRICKEN SOUBRETTE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A 30-calibre bullet from a maniac's revolver lies embedded in the floor under the piano player's stool at Bonney's famous concert hall, in Buffalo, N. Y., and P. D. Claffey, a salesman from Rochester, is under arrest on a charge of insanity.

Claffey has been in Buffalo for several days, imbibing Queen City whiskey and having a good time generally. One night recently, about 10:30 o'clock, he became suddenly angry in Bonney's concert hall

## REAL ROMEOs AND JULIETS.

College Boys and College Girls  
Find a Way to Make Love.

## CLIMBED THE BALCONY.

But a Sharp-Eyed Attache of the Cleveland Seminary Saw it All.

SO THE BOYS WERE ARRESTED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The mashing tour of the five young bloods of Chattanooga, Tenn., to the Centenary College at Cleveland has ended in what may result in a big upheaval in that well known girls' school. The cases of the two young men

field, one of the faculty, learned the cause, and quietly sent a message to the city marshal. When that official arrived two of the offending swains were placed under arrest. They were taken completely by surprise in the midst of an interesting flirtation under the very eaves of the college building with several of the girls, who stood in the windows opening onto the piazza. Had not some kind-hearted gentlemen bailed them out the boys would probably have been locked up.

A great part of the townspeople had been apprised of the affair, and were at the courthouse to greet them when they appeared before the mayor, G. M. Whiteside, postoffice inspector-in-charge of this district, and United States Deputy Marshal John Rogers, of Chattanooga, offered to go their bond, and the cases were set for hearing on January 1.

The bondsmen demanded that the young ladies, parties to the affair, and all who had witnessed it, be required to come into court and give their testimony. The college authorities demurred to this, but if the defense insists on summoning the college girls to appear as witnesses, which they doubtless will, some of them will be made scapegoats of the faculty's wrath, along with the young men, and, perhaps, be expelled from the institution. Society in both Cleveland and Chattanooga is much stirred up over the affair.

### HUGGED HIS SERVANT.

Saloonkeeper Dennis is Arrested for His Peculiarities.

A. W. Dennis, a Maple street, Columbus, Ohio, saloonkeeper, has been arrested, charged with embracing his housemaid in a very peculiar manner. The woman in the case is Mrs. Anna Buehler, about thirty years old, and the wife of William Buehler, a blacksmith, from whom she separated two months ago. Her home is at Newark, Ohio.

She has been employed at the home of Dennis since she separated from her husband. Dennis is married, about sixty years old, with several children. He was drinking hard, and while in a wild state of intoxication, entered the kitchen with a large revolver in one hand. He walked up close to Mrs. Buehler, threw his arms around her neck and fired two shots behind her head. Both took effect in the wall. The bullets passed close to the woman's head and nearly paralyzed her with fear. It seemed apparent, however, that Dennis had not intended to shoot her, and when arrested soon after the shooting he was charged with only intoxication and firing a gun in the city limits.

Mrs. Buehler says that she did not see the revolver in Dennis' hand when he approached her, and that when he threw his arms around her neck she supposed that in familiarity bred of liquor he was merely insulting her. She states that he had been abusing her for not performing her household duties properly, and that after he fired the gun he said he had done so to frighten her into better work. Dennis says that it is the only way of regulating negligent servants.

### FELL THROUGH A GLASS TRAP.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

While dancing one night recently at the Trocadero theatre, Atlanta, Ga., Papinta, the famous myriad dancer, was seriously injured by falling through a glass trap that had been placed in the center of the stage.

It was just after 10 o'clock when Papinta began her serpentine dance. In the center of the stage had been placed a glass trap through which the lights were thrown upon the dancer. The trap was placed in position the previous afternoon and on the night of the accident was used for the first time.

As she stepped upon the glass trap the glass gave way suddenly and she went crashing through to the partition below. It was a fearful shock and the dancer fainted.

When she was rescued from her perilous position it was found that the edge of the broken glass had made a fearful gash just below the knee on her right leg. She was removed to her room at the Granite Hotel and medical aid summoned.

There is talk of arranging a 15 or 25-round bout between Jack Ward, of Newark, and Casper Leon, to be decided in the Eureka Athletic Club, of Baltimore, in a few weeks. Leon has secured a manager, who is willing to back him for \$500 or \$1,000, and the indications are that if the match is arranged with Ward, Leon will make a side bet of \$250 or \$500.

### OUR LETTER BOX.

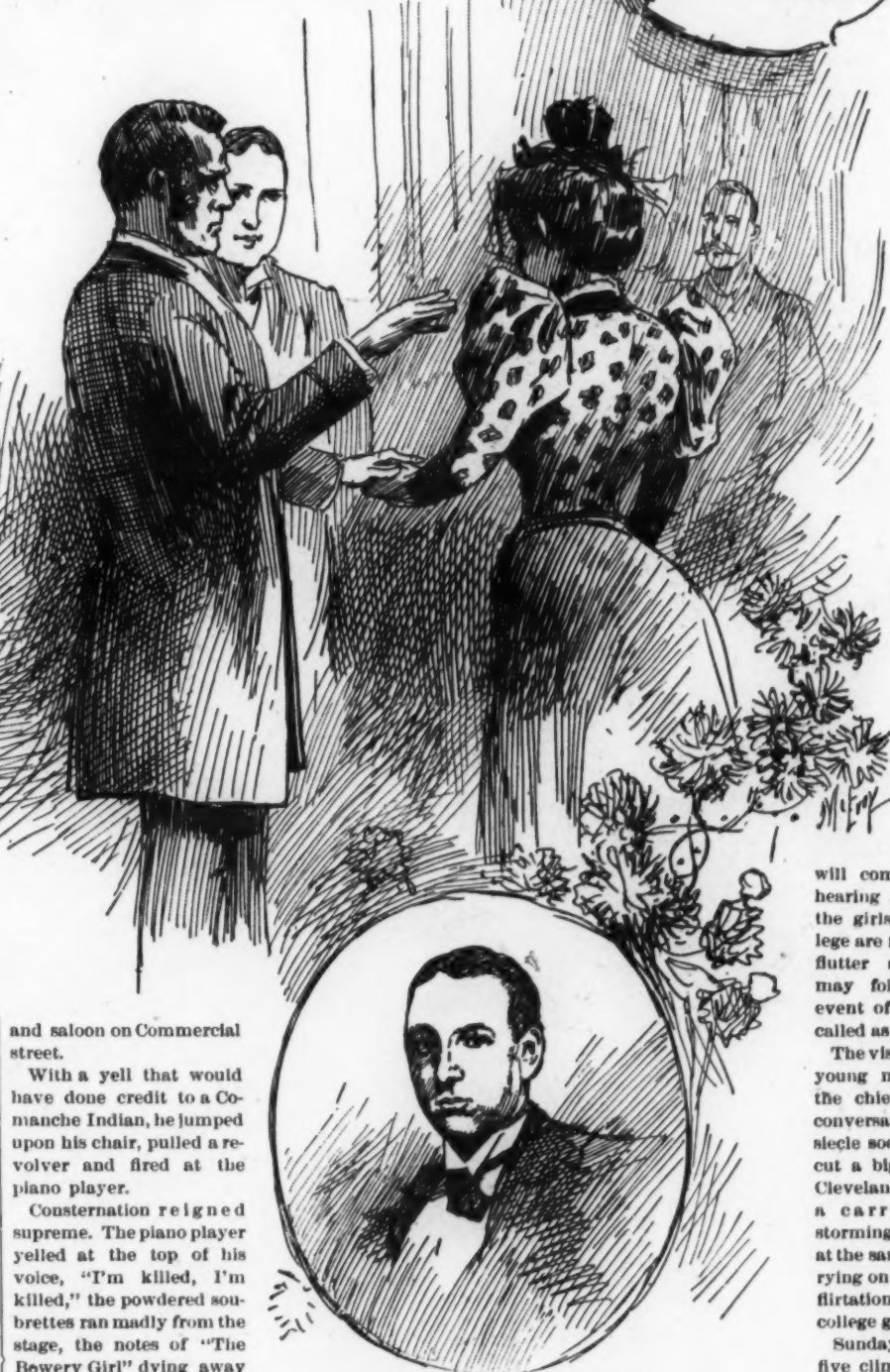
Ahlert, Mrs. Nellie	Hart, Chas. B.	Moore, Dick J.
Ashinger, Chas. W.	Hartung, A. C.	Muldoon, Wm.
Athleta, Milo	Hayes, John C.	Muller, Geo. T.
Attila Prof. J.	Hagerstrom, Maurice	Mundt, John
Bogart, Fred	Herty, Dan	Murphy, Billy
Bonner, John	Healy, P.	Murphy, W. H.
Brown, T.	Hoey, John	Murphy, John
Burge Jim	Hughes, John J.	Myers, Geo.
Burke, Jack	Jackson, Peter	Myers, Lon
Burns, John	Johnson, J.	Nelson, Frankie
Burrell, H. J.	Kaufmann	Overbye, Hagen
Camp, Eugene	Kelly, Thos. J.	Patterson, J.
Canning, E. J.	Kelly, Jenny	Peterson, C. O.
Cannon, Tom	Kennard, James	Plimmer, Bill
Carr, James	Kenny, Jack J.	Pullen, W. H. J.
Coane Sam	Kenny, Wm.	Quick, James
Comstock (wrestler)	Kessler, Geo. J.	Quinn, Peter
Coniskey, Chas.	Koster, John Jr.	Quinnell, Michael
Connor, Tom	Lafin, Prof.	Ready, Pat
Converse, Geo. M.	Laris, Prof. J. L.	Rhodes, Rold Walter
Daaperhang, Thomas	Larkinson, Henry	Rober, Ernest
Dearing, Miss Rose	Lasher	Rosen, Lew
Dempsey, John	Lee, C. C.	Ryan, Joe P. J.
Denny, Tom J.	Leonard, Mike	Sandow, Eugene
Donahue, Michael	Leonard, James E.	Smith, Mysterious B.
Dunn, Jerry	Lewis, Evan	Smith, Fred K.
Earley, Joe (telegraph)	Lewis, Raymond	Skinner, Capt.
Field, Frank	Linn, Prof. J. P.	Spradling
Forbes, Jack	Louise, J. H.	Taylor, Normany
Gannon Bros.	Lucid, Con	Taylor, Steve
Gaston, Frank	Maber, Shadow	Tiernon, Millie
Goddard, Joe J.	Mace, Tom	Toner, Packard
Goode, Chesterfield	MacMillan, W.	Turbill, Gus
Goulden, Peter	Madis, James	Van Kassel, Prof. J. A.
Gowland, Jack G.	Marks, Robert	Waddell, R. J.
Greco, Stanislas	Marx, John	Wagner, Chas. J.
Greenfield, Walter	McAuliffe, Jack	West, Tom
Greggins, Alex	McBride, Dan	Weir, Jas.
Haggerty, John J.	McCaffery, R. P.	Wilson, Ted
Hanley, Jack	McCoy, James	White, J. H.
Harrison, H. D.	Miller, Sebastian	
	Montgomery, Bud	

### RECAPITULATION.

Blatt, C. B.	Herman, J. H.	Rose I.
Fitzgerald Bros.	Hulbard, Hy W. J.	Sampson C. A.
Harold, Geo.	Patterson, G. W. S.	Witte J. H.
Harris, Bill	Quinn P. J.	

### Very Sensational!

The Devil's Compact, No. 4 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES, is having an enormous sale, and no wonder, as it is the liveliest novel of the day. One of Zola's best. Sent by mail to any address, securely wrapped, on receipt of 50 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, The Fox Building, Franklin Square, New York.



They Were Wedded in the Jail.

and saloon on Commercial street.

With a yell that would have done credit to a Comanche Indian, he jumped upon his chair, pulled a revolver and fired at the piano player.

Consternation reigned supreme. The piano player yelled at the top of his voice, "I'm killed, I'm killed," the powdered soubrettes ran madly from the stage, the notes of "The Bawdy Girl" dying away in a terrified scream.

The many patrons of the place rushed for the street, and Claffey held full sway. Patrolman Davis arrived on the scene and took the maniac into custody.

He made the night hideous with his yells at the station, and the next morning was pronounced insane by Police Surgeon Fowler.

### "LITTLE ROWDY."

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

"Little Rowdy" is the famous 33-pound dog owned by H. L. Van Schaick, of Denver, Colo. "Little Rowdy" was formerly owned in Chicago and won many battles there, defeating some of the most noted dogs in the pit.

### Woman's Wickedness!

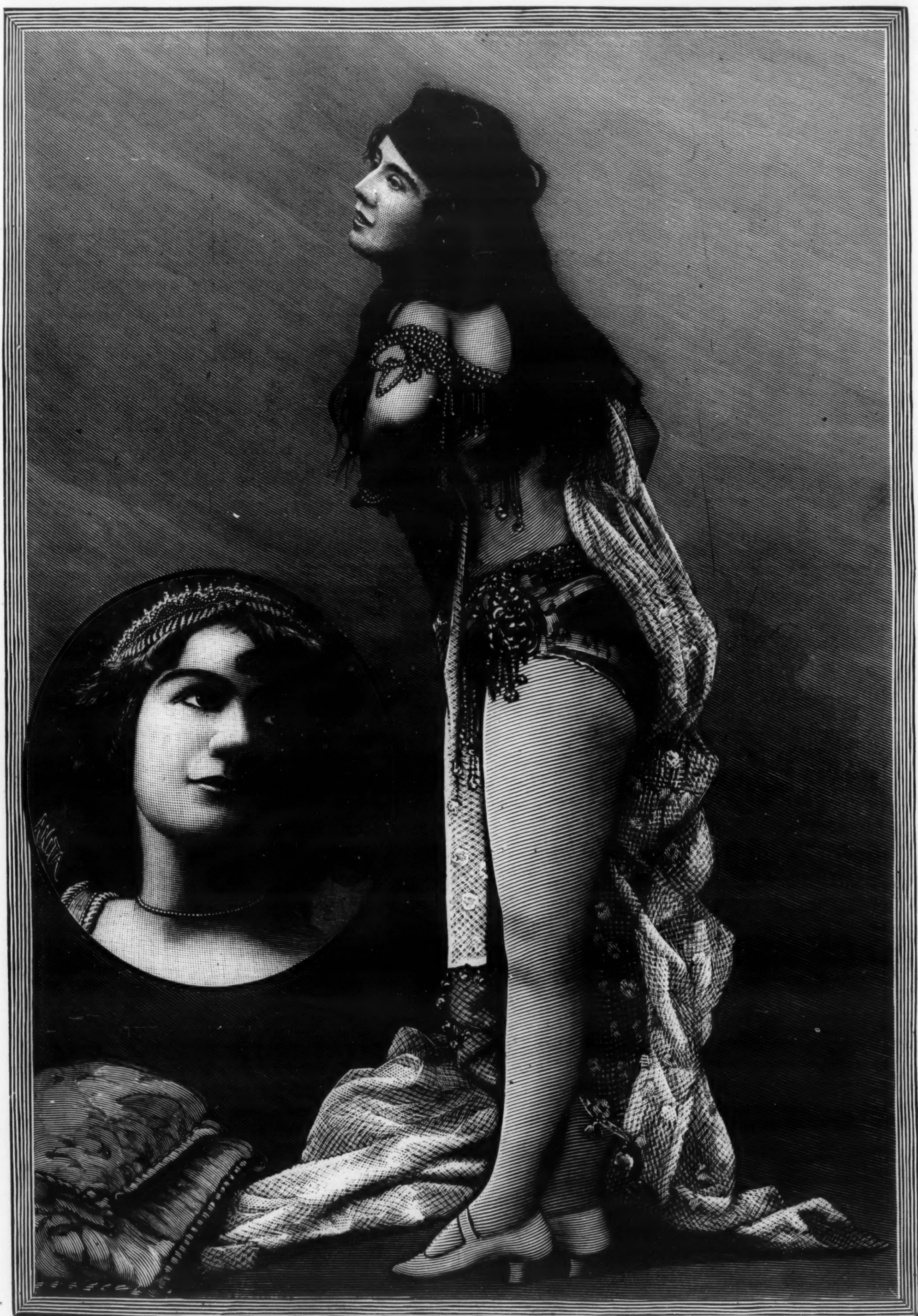
FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES, No. 19. A story from actual life, dealing with the Frivolous, Frailty and Vanity of Love, Passionate, but Wicked Woman, by George Omet. Elegantly and Artistically Illustrated with Half-Tones and Pen Drawings. Price by mail, 50 cents. Sent to any address, securely wrapped, by RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, The Fox Building, Franklin Square, New York.

the young ladies boarded, on the campus grounds, as it seems, by previous arrangement. There the young Romeos were enjoying themselves, pouring sweet nothings into the ears of fair Juliets, as they supposed, unwitnessed by any eye, but their fun had an unforeseen end when one of the teachers in the building sighted the quarry from afar and gave the alarm.

The school authorities on the premises held a consultation, but fearing the results of unpleasant notoriety that publicity would give the girls, and the injury to the college, decided to let the matter drop, provided the boys left the city at once, and dismissed them with some sound advice. All but two returned to the city the same evening, but not before they had been arrested for cruelty to animals.

All the teachers were engaged in the hearing of recitations next morning, as usual, but when one after another of the pupils excused themselves from the classroom they began to smell a mouse. Prof. Stubbe-





## LITTLE EGYPT AND ANITA.

AGILE AND BEAUTIFUL EXPONENTS OF THE GRACEFUL, SENSUOUS ORIENTAL DANSE DU VENTRE.





ALIVE IN HER COFFIN.

NARROW ESCAPE OF MRS. ROMANISKI, OF DURYEA, PA., WHO WAS THE VICTIM OF A CASE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION.



CAUGHT THE WOMAN MOONSHINER.

BUT MRS. JAMES DAVIS, OF MASCOTTE, FLA., PUT UP A GAME FIGHT BEFORE SHE WAS TAKEN BY THE MARSHALS.



NEGROES WHIPPED TO DEATH.

MEN OF BARNWELL COUNTY, S. C., LASH THE LIFE OUT OF A COLORED MAN AND HIS MOTHER.



## ONE NIGHT ENOUGH FOR HER

Claypole's Bride Found His Hair  
and Teeth Were False.

## HE PUT THEM ON THE BUREAU

Cleveland Society Excited Over the  
Disclosures of the Woman.

## HE WAS A HOWLING SWELL.

The elderly bride of Mr. Rembrandt Claypole, of Cleveland, Ohio, isn't in love with her husband any more, and Cupid has packed his bow and arrows in a Gladstone bag and left the household. It is nothing more than a repetition of the old saw, that things are not what they seem. The gentleman with the artistic name was the head bookkeeper of one of the principal manufacturing houses in the city, which employed a number of young women. With them he was exceedingly popular, by reason of his distinguished appearance, his pearly teeth and his magnificent head of grayish-white hair which seemed to give him a senatorial appearance.

This gray-haired bookkeeper with the pearly teeth was apparently about 40 years of age, was a bachelor, earned a good salary and spent his money like a prince—on the girls. He cared little or nothing for men's society, never went to the club or bothered his head about politics, but enjoyed himself calling at the homes of the various young ladies employed in the establishment, taking them out to suppers, the theatres, the opera and occasionally a ball—though he was no dancer, and only figured as a wall flower.

The girls got the idea into their heads that the handsome bookkeeper was a man of wealth, and owned blocks of houses somewhere and had bundles of government stock stored away in bank. Girls always think thus of single men after they pass the age of thirty, wear good clothes and spend their money freely. They think that a bachelor, having nobody to support but himself, must save up stacks of money off his salary. The poor, non-practical little dears never stop to reason that it costs more money for a single man to dress well and frolic around with the girls than it does for a married man to live economically at home with his wife and babies.

Thinking him to be rich, and knowing him to be handsome, it was no wonder that two-thirds of the girls in that establishment tried to secure the affections of the gallant bookkeeper. And just as one of the prettiest and most attractive among them felt sure of the prize, one of the heads of the firm took the notion into his head to die and leave behind him a widow—fair, fat and forty—but attractive for all that, and with plenty of wealth.

From the date of his employer's death, the shrewd bookkeeper stopped his attentions to the pretty operative who had felt so sure of winning him. The other girls cried "Shame!" but secretly laughed in their sleeves at her discomfort. They soon found that the bookkeeper had not only ceased his marriageable intentions to one of their number, but also put a stop to his racket of evening suppers and taking the fair young misses to balls and parties.

He was looking higher. He had his eye on his late employer's widow.

And she had her eye on him. She had often secretly admired his pearly teeth and his gray, aristocratic looking hair, even when her husband was in the flesh.

One evening, a few weeks after the funeral, the bookkeeper made bold to call upon the widow at her residence to console with her about her loss, as a faithful employee should. He was so well received on the next Sunday night, that he called again and continued to call for several months, and then the forthcoming marriage of the rich widow and the bookkeeper with the gray hair was announced.

The wedding occurred at the lady's residence a short time later. Gayly rung the marriage bells, and well they might, for the best society was there, and the banquet was rich and tempting.

The couple were to start on the following day on a bridal trip South, but they didn't go. It was evident, even to the most obtuse of the servants, that some disclosures had been made during the night that snapped the marriage yoke asunder. The bride was positively cross and snappish, while the bridegroom was silent and taciturn. After the breakfast the bridegroom went to his desk at the factory and returned to the bride's house no more. That night he lodged at his old boarding house.

The bride, on the very day following the wedding, visited a well-known divorce lawyer and requested that proceedings be taken at once to secure her a divorce from the man she had wedded.

"But, madam," said the lawyer, after listening in surprise to her request, "on what grounds do you bring the action?"

"On what grounds?" exclaimed the lady angrily, "why he has deceived me shamefully."

"Deceived you? How?"

"Well, if you must know, I married him because I had fallen in love with his pearly teeth and his beautiful head of hair. Last night, however, I painfully discovered a cheat, and that his hair is only a wig and his teeth are false. Both laid on the bureau all night. The fraud is toothless, as old as the hills, and as bald as a badger, I might as well have married Methuselah!"

The lawyer, when he recovered from his astonishment, said he would try to find whether he had any legal precedents to work on in such a case, but he feared it was hopeless.

## CAUGHT THE WOMAN MOONSHINER

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. James Davis was arrested near Mascotte, Fla., while making "moonshine" whiskey.

Mrs. Davis picked up a big knife with which to defend herself when she saw the officers, and inflicted several wounds on the men before she was disarmed.

Mrs. Davis' "moonshine" outfit was unique, a gun barrel playing a prominent part in it. She is about thirty years old, and handsome. She became the mother of twin girls about three months ago, and the infants were playing on a pallet near the still when their mother was arrested. Her husband claims that he knew nothing of his wife's occupation.

The officers say Mrs. Davis has been making illicit whiskey ever since she was fifteen years old. A woman whose son became intoxicated on Mrs. Davis' whiskey made the complaint against her.

## NEGROES WHIPPED TO DEATH.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Several months ago St. Nicholas Church, in Barnwell county, South Carolina, was broken open and robbed, a Bible and some pulpit furniture being stolen. A young negro named Isom Kearse was suspected of being the thief.

Four Barnwell men got information that he was at his mother's home, near Broxton Ford. These men got two others from the neighborhood to assist them, and they then went to Isom's house and found him just coming out of the door.

They put a rope around the negro's neck and tied him behind their buggy. Then they drove to the ferry, two miles away. The negro kept up as long as he could, and, it is said, finally fell and was dragged along.

On the way two of the party were sent back to get the negro's aged mother, "old Mammy Hannah," and his young wife, about 17 years of age, who has a five-months' infant.

When the women arrived, none of the three would tell anything about the church property. They were all three stripped naked and beaten with a new buggy trace.

The man received about 150 lashes and fell insensible, his body being in a terrible condition; the women were likewise



Was a Different Man when his Wig was Off.

severely beaten. The man several times pleaded with his tormentors to shoot him. The women broke away and dashed into the woods.

The men built a fire near the insensible negro, threw his old coat over him, and left. The next morning his dead body was found in the ashes.

About 100 yards away in the swamp, lying in a pool of water about knee deep, was found the old woman's body. She had fallen face downward with her hands extended.

The young woman managed to find her way home and is said to be in a critical condition.

Ready  
January  
7th.  
1896.

The Police Gazette Sporting Annual. Price, 25 cents. Order your copy in advance from your newsdealer or from this office. Richard K. Fox, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

## JOE CAMPBELL

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

When that cowboy and pony race from Chadron, Neb., took place a year ago a conspicuous participant was Joe Campbell, who rode one pony the entire distance. He reached Buffalo Bill's camp third in the race, but the two who preceded him had the advantage of a change horse which they rode part of the distance. Campbell claims the record for long distance single horse riding and he is endorsed by Buffalo Bill and Major Burke.

## Fair but Frail!

"The Demi-Monde of Paris." Real and daring portrayal of life in the gay capitals of the world. Superbly illustrated with 167 photo-gravures. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price, 50 cents, securely wrapped. Ad dress RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

## SHOT HERSELF FOR LOVE.

Maggie Cronk, of Port Jervis,  
N. Y., Fails to Kill Herself.

## THOUGHT SHE WAS DESERTED

Because Her Lover Failed to Call She  
Sent a Bullet in Her Breast.

## NOW SHE IS SORRY SHE DID IT.

Because she supposed her lover had forsaken her, Miss Maggie Cronk, the pretty seventeen-year-old daughter of Mrs. Della Cronk, of Port Jervis, N. Y., attempted suicide, and is now in a critical condition, with the bullet wound in her breast.

Maggie is as imaginative as she is vivacious, as events will show. She was desperately in love with Charles Hawkins. He disappointed her, and this preyed on her mind. While alone in her home on Friday she became temporarily insane and shot herself. The weapon used was a small revolver belonging to her brother, Dennis, that she found in a bureau. On Sunday the girl, with her mother, appeared at the office of Dr. Potts. They said Maggie had been shot. The wound was three days old, but the girl had evaded telling the nature of her illness to her mother until that time. Then the two

country. Miss Stewart is a clever boxer and capable of holding her own in a fistie contest with many men. She long ago issued a challenge to box any female pugilist in the world and deposited a forfeit which was never accepted.

## ALIVE IN HER COFFIN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The mining settlement of Duryea, Pa., was the scene of a sensation recently, caused by a supposed dead woman reviving just as the undertaker was about to close the lid of the coffin.

The woman was Mrs. Romaniski, a widow of forty. She was suddenly taken ill one day and grew worse until the day following, when she apparently died.

An undertaker proceeded to arrange the preliminaries for the funeral. Upon going to the coffin to fasten down the lid, to his horror, the supposed corpse opened her eyes and glanced about the room.

While her astonishment was great, that of the guests was far greater, and many of the women present became greatly excited. The funeral was postponed and a doctor summoned. He said the case was one of suspended animation.

## THIS WAS A WHOLESALE RAID.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The white caps have been at work in Kentucky again. A few days ago a band of them armed with strong whips made a raid on the house located at Rock House Creek, near Dundee, and compelled over thirty women to leave their beds and submit to punishment. Then the whole crowd were driven out of the neighborhood.

Life of Champion James J. Corbett, in book form, illustrated with portraits, etc. Price 25 cents, sent by mail to your address. Richard K. Fox, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

## RAIDED BLACK CROOK BILLS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The women of Milwaukee have entered on a crusade against what they consider obnoxious theatrical bills. For some time past the city has been luminous with the lithographs of a Black Crook company, and a few days ago the women went out on a tearing-down expedition. They walked down Grand avenue and invaded all the stores where bills had been placed. They created quite a scene in the Schlitz Hotel barber shop.

## LITTLE EGYPT AND ANITA.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

These two young women, of whom it is said there can be nothing more graceful, are just now interesting and entertaining various small but extremely select audiences with their Oriental gyrations, and have made a great reputation. They are rarely seen on theatre stages for obvious reasons, but their dancing has never been equalled.

## CURSED HIS BROTHER BEFORE HE DIED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Before Harry Hayward, one of the most sensational criminals of the age, was hanged in Minneapolis recently, he sent for his brother, Adry, to come to jail that he might see him once more and forgive him for any wrong he had done. They conversed for a few moments together then Adry refused to do something the brother wanted and said so. The effect was electrical with the prisoner, and there followed a scene the parallel of which was never before witnessed in the history of the old institution. The officials, many of whom have passed half of a life in the care of criminals of all classes and creeds conjure in vain with memory to recall an incident approaching it in its dramatic effects. The murderer sprang to his feet and poured forth a tirade of abuse never before equalled in its appalling effects.

"You low down, mean, contemptible, miserable, damnable wretch. You refuse to do that, after what I have done for you. You, you God-forsaken cur, would thwart my designs. You cowardly tool. You have played a good part; but now I can tell you what I think of you. My letter to you was only a decoy for the purpose of getting you here—you, you villain; you are a disgrace to your parents and name, and worse than the bums of the street. If I could only get at you, I would dig out your brains with a knife and tear out your heart; I would grind them up, crush the pieces, squeeze out the juice, make it into a pie and thrust it down your throat."

He was uncontrollable in his rage; his hands opened and closed irregularly and tightly as he had them outstretched, like the claws of an octopus. Then he would stamp his foot fiercely and beat the bars. His face was distorted with passion; it was ashen and livid in turn. The two deputies were appalled. Never before had they witnessed such a sight. Adry was undisturbed by the sudden outburst, having evidently expected it. He sat quietly for a few minutes, which seemed much longer to the witnesses; then arose and prepared to depart. As he reached the head of the stairs, he turned and said, "God bless you. Good-bye, Harry."

His imperturbability excited the enraged brother to greater effort. "Oh, you villain," he exclaimed, in impotent rage; "may the eternal curses of God fall on you and yours, and allow me to haunt you day and night until your dying day. From the minute I drop from the scaffold I will be with you, and torment you until you are no more; and I will meet you with a red-hot poker on the brink of hell." Adry turns sadly away.

## MILLER ON DECK AGAIN.

Fred Miller, who holds the diamond belt as champion long distance walker of the world arrived at Medelia, Minn., on December 5. He is to walk from New York to Denver, Colo., and return on a wager of \$1,500 guaranteed by the POLICE GAZETTE. He left New York without a cent. He is accompanied by a fine pointer dog on all his journeys, of which he has made several. He has eight months in which to make this trip.

## Just Too Sweet!

Woman and Her Lover. Translated from the French of Hector Malot, No. 9 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES, with 67 beautiful illustrations. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price, 50 cents, securely wrapped. Ad dress RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

## HATTIE STEWART AND TOMMY GILLEN.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

The portrait on an accompanying page is a unique one. It presents Miss Hattie Stewart, the female champion pugilist, and her sparring partner, Tommy Gillen, as they have appeared in their sketch act at the leading vaudeville theatres throughout the



## PAQUITA THE GIRL GAMBLER

Won When She Pleased and Made  
Men Fall in Love With Her.

WAS AN OUTLAW LEADER.

At Last She Played Cards for Her  
Liberty and Lost the Game.

HER LIFE WAS SHORT BUT VIVID.

They are still talking, in the country around Paso del Norte, Mexico, and in the border towns of Texas, El Paso and the rest, of Lonna Paquita, the young woman whose luck at the gambling table has never been equalled. They cannot forget the girl with the black hair and the laughing eyes, whose cheeks were bright as morning, whose smile muddled the brain and confused the fingers of the defeat dealer. Close your eyes again and see the slim, petite figure at the gaming table, and hear once more the soft voice naming the card which seemingly could not resist the charms of the player. Listen, as of old, to the sympathy and sorrow lavished on the losers as the queen of gamblers gathered up her winnings when there was nothing left the others to lose.

No one knows who or what her parents were. When a child about twelve years old, a gambler named Qualetor found her homeless and friendless in a Texas town. She was then remarkably pretty. Qualetor taught her all his tricks with the cards. He spent many hours instructing her in the intricacies of Mexican monte. She learned rapidly, soon equalling Qualetor in skill and dexterity.

No one will ever forget her first appearance at Paso del Norte. She was sixteen years old, and small for her age. She came with Qualetor, who said he was her uncle. When Qualetor was there to gamble he practically lived at Lark Garrettsou's. Garrettsou ran the biggest gambling house on the border. His game was practically without limit. The Paquita appeared, clinging closely to her alleged uncle. The bank expected Qualetor, who was a heavy player, and had made proper preparations for his play. As Qualetor played, the Paquita stood beside him silent and observant. Luck was against the Mexican and he lost heavily. Finally, when his pile of gold had diminished to a few coins, he turned to the Paquita and, shoving the money before her, said, gruffly: "Here, child, win with them."

Dealers and players smiled sympathetically, thinking Qualetor had quit backing his luck for the night and desired to let the child amuse herself a moment before he went away. The Paquita seated herself, leaning both elbows on the table, with her hands supporting her chin. The play went on. The child won. As she played the dealer eyed her in wonder. It was not strange that a child could understand how to gamble, but never before had a child played with such skill and judgment.

The bank lost rapidly. The Paquita won bet after bet. The heaps of gold grew on the table in front of her. Decks were changed, but without avail. The bank continued to lose. A new dealer was tried, but with no better success than the first. The Paquita's luck was amazing. The other players dropped out one by one. The dealer and the child faced each other. The bank lost. Then Garrettsou himself took the cards. He was famed as the shrewdest gambler on the border. But he could not beat the child. Finally he said: "Here is what is left in the bank. It matches your winnings. Win or lose, the next draw takes it?"

The Paquita nodded. A king lay on the board. "I play a king in the door," she said.

The spectators gasped. Such risk was folly. There was still half the deck against her. Even Garrettsou smiled. He dealt. The king stood in the door. The Paquita had won. Garrettsou's bank had been broken by a child. The Paquita turned to Qualetor. "I am tired," she said.

The gambler gathered up her winnings and handed them to Garrettsou, asking him to put them in the safe for the night. Then he and Paquita went out.

The fact that a child had beaten the Garrettsou bank spread along the entire border. Qualetor and the Paquita traveled from town to town, playing in all of them and usually winning. They quarreled eventually, however, and in 1870 the Paquita, then a beautiful girl of twenty, went back to Paso del Norte alone. She again appeared at Garrettsou's. Her old-time luck seemed to have deserted her, for she lost heavily, and a week later went away.

She was next heard of in New Mexico. She had allied herself with a gang of the worst characters in the Southwest, and in a short time became their leader. Under her the outlaws traversed New Mexico, stealing and plundering. When the climate got too hot for them they slipped across the line into Mexico. The Paquita forsook this life after a year of exciting adventure, and turned up in El Paso with Sam Brinsley, the handsomest and most depraved gambler of his time. Brinsley crossed the Rio Grande river and opened up Garrettsou's place, the latter having been killed by young Munger, his dealer. Brinsley prospered. The Paquita lent the attraction of her presence to his place, sometimes as a dealer, but usually as a player.

She played any game. Her popularity was apparent from the outset. The game she played, whatever it might be, was always the popular game of the house. The table at which she played was always crowded. The players, in games where it was possible, duplicated

her bets, placing their money on her favorite cards. In such cases the Paquita usually lost, the house, otherwise Brinsley, winning heavily. In poker and kindred games, where each player looked out for himself and his cards, the house got a percentage. The Paquita then seldom lost.

She was a wonder with the cards. Her small white hands could manipulate them with a rapidity and skill that defied the watchfulness of the keenest-eyed gamblers. Many attributed her success to her good luck. But the old hands knew better. They knew that mere luck could not continually break them at their own games and enrich one particular player. They realized that the Paquita was better at the game than they.

Yet the Paquita was never caught cheating. And unless she was caught there could be no complaint. There were numerous shootings growing out of troubles over the Paquita. Man after man sought her favor. All appeared to find it, with none possessing more than any other. She treated them all alike, save, perhaps, Brinsley.

She quarreled finally with Brinsley. It came about thus: The Paquita was playing whiskey poker with a rich cattleman who knew little of the game and played it principally for the opportunity it afforded to chat with Paquita. Brinsley became impatient over the Paquita's seeming slowness in breaking her opponent.

One word led to another. The Paquita quit the game to argue with Brinsley. At length her temper broke loose. Grasping a knife she struck viciously at Brinsley. The blade caught his up-thrown arm, inflicting a long wound. As the blood gushed forth the Paquita turned and fled. Brinsley pursued her unsuccessfully. He returned eventually to his gambling house.

He never forgave her, however, and vowed vengeance on her. His opportunity came later. The Paquita, after leaving him, returned to the New Mexican country and gathered up the remnants of the old gang of thieves. Their plundering became so bold that it was determined to hunt them down. Brinsley led the party that captured the Paquita.

She had heard that he was pursuing her, and it is said that she permitted her pursuers to overtake her. She greeted Brinsley with her old-time cheerfulness. She talked over the old days, as if there had been no change. Finally she proposed a game of cards to decide whether she should go free or should die.



Played Cards for Her Life and Lost.

Brinsley agreed; the game was played, and the Paquita lost.

Almost before the last card fell she drew a knife and stabbed herself through the heart.

Brinsley committed suicide three weeks later.

### THEY WERE LIVING PICTURES.

But as They Were Only Children They Were  
Spanked by Their Mothers.

A few days ago a score or more of boys and girls, of Port Jervis, N. Y., whose ages range from 7 to 10 years, were wild with delight over the prospect of a series of shows to be given by youngsters of their own age in a barn owned by a merchant.

An admission fee of five pins was charged, and all the pin-cushions in the neighborhood were depleted. The barn was crowded. The show was a great success, and it was announced that it would be repeated on the following day.

The children gave such a vivid outline of the performance as to create suspicion that all was not right. The mothers concluded to attend the performance and were horrified to see the curtain drawn upon pictures in which their offspring were exposed as naked as on the day they were born. Each mother made a rush for her child, and drawing him or her across her knee, proceeded to play such tattoos on their tender skin as to fill the barn with lamentations.

The living picture exhibition having been broken up it was thought the show business had been disposed of. Not so. Several of the youngsters had seen "Old Kentucky" and decided to give a repetition.

All went well until the fire scene, when the barn caught fire and it took the combined efforts of the neighborhood to put it out, not to speak of the narrow escapes of thirty or more children from death. The barn has been padlocked.

### Lieliest of the Day!

A Parisian Sultan. A charming and exciting story from the French, by Albert de Sazan. No. 15 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. Beautifully and appropriately illustrated with 95 engravings. Sent by mail to any address, securely wrapped, on receipt of price, 50 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, New York.

## HERE'S A NICE WOMAN.

Deftly She Digs \$143 Out of Her  
Friend's Inside Pocket.

HER SMILES DECEIVED HIM.

He was Ungallant Enough to Go to the  
Police and Arrest Her.

THIS HAPPENED IN ATLANTA, GA.

Mrs. H. V. Valentine, who is said to be the wife of a New York gentleman who gets in trouble himself occasionally, has been having fun with the folks of Atlanta, Ga. Her husband has been locked up in the jail in that town for some time, and now the wife is confined within the same walls. It isn't at all nice to say that a lady will steal, but this one is accused of removing from the inside pocket of a nice, quiet, fatherly old gentleman the sum of \$143 while he was saying nice things to her.

The woman was released from prison a few days ago, having been arrested on a charge of suspicion. The

and had her arrested at her room at 53 Courtland street. When the detectives walked in the station house the man glanced at Mrs. Valentine and quickly declared that she had taken his money. He said he knew her face and appearance and recognized her voice.

Mrs. Valentine vigorously denied that she had robbed the man, declaring that she had not left her room during Monday night. Her denial was ineffective, however, the detectives locking her up on a State charge of larceny. The man said that unless she returned his money he would swear out a warrant and prosecute the woman to the full extent of the law.

### THIS WAS RETRIBUTION.

A Fort Scott Dentist, After Attempting an  
Assault, Meets a Horrible Death.

Dr. A. O. Correy, a dentist of large practice of Fort Scott, Kansas, called his pretty stepdaughter, aged seventeen, into his office and attempted to assault her. She struggled fiercely and pushed him against a window, smashing the glass. This so confused him that she was able to break loose.

She rushed to the street and took refuge in a milliner's shop. He followed, and, drawing a revolver, threatened to shoot any one who should speak to her.

The assembling crowd scared him, and he ran back to his office and locked himself in. The police pursued. In attempting to escape he jumped from a rear window with the intention of landing on a flight of stairs. His foot slipped and he fell headlong. His skull was fractured and he died instantly. His friends believe that he was insane.

### ROW AMONG BARBERS.

Jersey Members of the Craft who are Having  
Trouble With the Sunday Law.

The barbers of North Plainfield, N. J., are angry because the barbers of Plainfield are invading their territory. Some time ago the barbers of Plainfield petitioned the common council to pass an ordinance making it unlawful to do business in their line on Sundays. This was done. All thought they would do as well without Sunday trade as with it. This did not prove to be the case. Just across Green brook is the borough of North Plainfield, where the laws are more liberal and where the barbers ply their trade on Sundays without hindrance. The residents of Plainfield took advantage of this, and every Sunday morning there was a procession across the brook to be shaved.

The result was that Plainfield barbers suffered, and many citizens removed their mugs from the Plainfield shops to those across the brook. This led to a movement to have the ordinance repealed, but the barbers who proposed the step met with little encouragement from the Councilmen. The result was that last week a number of the local barbers secured temporary quarters across the brook, and Sunday took their tools and opened up. This angered the North Plainfield barbers, who discussed a proposition to have the borough officials pass an ordinance establishing a system for barbers and so word it as to make it unprofitable for the Plainfield barbers to work one day a week there.

### ARRESTED THE ELOPER.

Henry Martin was arrested at Oakland, Cal., recently while on his way to Los Angeles, on a warrant sworn to by Philip Bernard, charging him with having abandoned his wife and four children in New York city. Accompanying Martin is a woman who passes as his wife.

The couple arrived in Oakland about ten days ago, on the Panama steamer, and put up at the Palace Hotel. Bernard states that Martin's true name is Max H. Marx, and that he married a Miss Rosenstern in New York a number of years ago. He was employed as a floor-walker in a large clothing store in that city. About a year and a half ago he is alleged to have eloped with the woman who is now with him, sailing for Europe and leaving his family in destitute circumstances. The two traveled to Paris and finally made their way here by way of Panama.

The woman is a Miss Knutzen, a Russian, and is reported to be wealthy and to belong to a noble Russian family, and it is said she has supplied the funds for their extended tour. The arrest was brought about by the relatives of Mrs. Marx in New York. Bernard further says that he was present at the wedding of Marx and Miss Rosenstern, and can testify to all the details, as he has stated in the complaint. Martin, or Marx, was released on a \$250 bond supplied by his companion.

### AN INJURED HUSBAND SHOOT.

Found His Wife and Her Paramour Together on  
the Street.

Will Bridges, an industrious and intelligent workman of Chattanooga, Tenn., attempted to kill his wife and her paramour and end family troubles by taking his own life, but his plans miscarried, notwithstanding a desperate effort. He met his wife, Fanny, with Walter Hastings, the young gallant who had broken up his home, on a prominent street and opened fire on him at short range with a pistol. Two shots went wild, when the woman rushed between the men.

Two more shots rang out, and the wife ran screaming down the street with blood streaming from her mouth. Bridges then sent the remaining bullet into his own head, but it ranged upward and passed through the skull again. He then walked to the Central depot with the smoking revolver in his hand and gave himself up to a policeman, still thinking he had killed his wife.

"I know they will hang me, and I would not care if they did but for my two little children. Fanny refused to pay any attention to my entreaties. Even after that scoundrel had spoiled our once happy home I offered to go away with her, but she refused to leave him."

Great excitement followed the shooting, which occurred at the noon hour.

### Real Frenchy.

Pauline's Caprice. By Emile Zola, the famous French author. No. 5 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES, with 140 illustrations drawn by French artists. Sent by mail to any address, securely wrapped, on receipt of price, 50 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher Franklin Square, New York.





### REAL ROMEOS AND JULIETS.

COLLEGE BOYS OF CHATTANOOGA, TENN., MAKE A PILGRIMAGE TO THE CENTENARY COLLEGE OF CLEVELAND TO PAY THEIR DEVOIRS TO THE FAIR STUDENTS.





PANIC-STRICKEN SOUBRETTES.

A WILD MANIAC WITH A LOADED REVOLVER CLEANS OUT BONNEY'S BUFFALO, N. Y., CONCERT HALL.



FELL THROUGH A GLASS TRAP.

PAPINTA, THE FAMOUS MYRIAD DANCER, MEETS WITH A SEVERE ACCIDENT IN ATLANTA, GEORGIA.



## SPORTS OF ALL SORTS.

Events of Passing Interest That Merit Criticism.

## LORD DUNRAVEN'S DEFENSE.

What Must be Done to Re-establish International Reciprocity in Sport.

## END OF THE CYCLE RACING SEASON.

A crisis in the Defender-Valkyrie controversy is about to be reached. Lord Dunraven, whose recent statements reflecting upon the honor of American yachtsmen has justified a demand for an investigation by the New York Yacht Club, is on his way to this country now to appear personally before the Committee to substantiate his charges against the Defender people.

It is pretty well understood among yachtsmen that, whether Lord Dunraven came over or not, the investigation begun by the committee would have been very interesting, and that it would result in favor of Mr. Iselin and those who sailed with him on board Defender, but with Dunraven here to plead in his own behalf, and with the statements of his witnesses at hand, the examination will be intensely interesting. The committee will probably accede to Lord Dunraven's wishes as to whether the hearing shall be private or public. If it should be public, yachtsmen say that there would not be a hall in New York big enough to hold the throng of persons who would want to hear the testimony.

The statements that Lord Dunraven will bring with him are almost sure to include those of Arthur Glennie, George L. Watson, Capt. Cranfield and Sycamore, and possibly of some members of Valkyrie's crew. When he arrives he will probably add to these, if he can get them, statements from the captain of the tender City of Bridgeport and his crew, from the captain of the tug Pulver and his crew, and that of H. Matland Kersey, who sailed on the yacht a great deal during the races. The latter will be placed in a most delicate position, from the fact that he is a resident of New York and a member of the New York Yacht Club. David Henderson, too, who represented the Valkyrie interests on board Defender, may also be numbered among Lord Dunraven's witnesses.

So much for the plaintiff in the case. Arrayed against these for the defendant will undoubtedly appear, either in person or by affidavit, C. Oliver Iselin, W. K. Vanderbilt and Edwin D. Morgan, all of whom sailed on Defender in her first race; Herbert C. Leeds, Woodbury Kane, W. Butler Duncan, Jr., Latham A. Fish, Newberry Thorne, Capt. Haff and Terry, Mate Berry and as many of the crew as is thought necessary by the committee. Capt. Taylor, of the tender Hattie Palmer, and Pilot Edward Young, who was on board Valkyrie during all her races, will also be valuable witnesses on the American side, but Capt. Nat Herreshoff and Measurer John Hyslop should be the star experts in the case.

The re-establishment of international reciprocity in sport, to which the extraordinary conduct of Lord Dunraven has dealt such a severe blow, now devolves upon the turtles of this country. That the harm will take many years to wholly repair no prophet is needed to foretell, but when the colors of such men as August Belmont and Pierre Lorillard are seen on English racecourses, the trouble will begin to diminish. The sympathy with which C. D. Rose's challenge was received showed that the trouble was not irreparable, and while the sudden withdrawal of the challenge undoubtedly increased the acerbity of public opinion, it may have served a useful purpose in bringing about a lapse of international yachting. Any such contests must for the time being have been marked by considerable public feeling and it will be a good thing if sufficient time elapses before another contest for the America Cup takes place to mitigate the bitter sentiment.

To English sportsmen the name of Belmont is already sufficiently familiar to insure a rousing welcome for the famous "maroon and scarlet," while the "cherry and black" of Pierre Lorillard has earned an historic niche in the annals of the English turf. English turtles are very liberal-minded in their reception of foreigners, provided that the foreigners are of the right kind. They have no idea of letting any one beat them at their own game when it comes down to "pot hunting," pure and simple, but when the stranger within the gates is in quest of sport he may safely reckon that he will be treated with cordiality and courtesy.

It pleases some to depict the tone of international feeling in the matter of sport as hopelessly bitter, but the contention is false. What happened last year when M. P. Dwyer made his debut in England was inevitable. Precisely the same condition of affairs would have been seen here, had some bold buccaner of the British turf fraternity crossed the ocean to annex our good dollars by sharp, but not new tricks. The question of bidding and claiming in selling races is understood differently in the two countries and Mr. Dwyer's treatment in this respect was precisely similar to what would have been accorded to any Englishman attempting to run horses for a fraction of their value.

No such friction can possibly arise in the case of Mr. Belmont's or Mr. Lorillard's venture. If any of their horses can win classic or other races, the victories will be greeted with genuine applause. May such be the case and the cheers that will greet the American winner will be the surest victory to the animosity aroused by Dunraven's childish act of peevishness.

**Big Jim Mitchell, the Irish-American athlete,** whose records at hammer throwing and other muscular feats illuminate the pages of athletic history, has, by an act of discourtesy toward the officials of the New York Athletic Club, justified that organization last week in dropping his name from the roll of membership.

Mitchell, it appears, was requested by the athletic committee on Nov. 22 to attend its meeting on December 5. He sent a letter asking the nature of the charges against him, although no mention of charges was made in the committee's communication. The committee replied that no charges had been preferred, but it would like to ask him some questions of importance concerning the club and himself. He was again requested to appear before the athletic committee. Mitchell not only failed to honor the committee's letter with a reply, but did not put in an appearance.

The athletic committee then recommended to the board of governors that Mitchell be dropped from membership. The board approved of the recommendation.

The action of the board, it is said, was due to an article Mitchell wrote attacking the club and its management. Chairman Williams, of the athletic committee, said that the dropping of Mitchell from membership in the organization was for the best interests of the club. Beyond that he would say nothing.

Mitchell is one of the best known athletes in the world. At hammer and weight throwing he is without a peer. He holds the world's records for both games, and has beaten the best athletes in his line in England, Ireland, Canada and the United States. His trouble with the Mercury Foot organization may result in his permanent retirement.

**Mr. James Galway, the Master of Preakness,** who recently returned from the West, says that turf affairs are not as harmonious in that section as they might be. There are indications of danger ahead, especially at Cincinnati. The racing at Oakley and Latonia is now controlled by a syndicate of pool room men, Messrs. Applegate, Weinhoff, Schutte and Bourlier. These men

are as rapacious for dates as were Corrigan and Hankins at Chicago last year, and it is feared that another race track war may be inaugurated next Spring.

Mr. Galway states that there is some talk in the West of a National Jockey Club, but what is most desired there is legislation which will give the better class of racing men firm control of the turf. Some influential turf officials at Lexington recently sent East for a copy of the Percy-Gray Bill, and it is believed that an attempt will be made to secure the passage of a similar law in all details, except betting, in the Kentucky Legislature this winter.

Public sentiment in the West seems to be favorable to bookmaking if restricted to race tracks, and there is a law to that effect in Kentucky now. What the Western turf appears to need is the formation of State racing commissions, so that the better element can control the mere gambling faction, who seek to monopolize all available dates. Future legislation in the West is likely to take this turn, and it is not improbable that Kentucky will next year have a commission organized on the plan of the Racing Commission in New York State.

**The National Racing Circuit, which closed a remarkable cycle racing season in Southern California a few days ago, has developed the greatest field of riders that the world has ever seen together on the track.** Although their work collectively has been of the highest character, the individual honors without question belong to E. C. Bald, of the Columbia team, who started early in April and has persevered almost continuously during the entire season with his track work, defeating all comers with an ease that has been surprising. He has won sixty-two first prizes, nineteen second prizes and nine third prizes, aggregating in value almost \$9,000. At one time only during the season did he show the effects of continuous work, and he absented himself from the circuit during the Canadian trip. Upon his return he speedily regained his leading position, and up to the conclusion of the season has shown unapproachable speed.

**If the new rule empowering baseball umpires to order refractory and insubordinate players from a game, but prohibiting that official from inflicting fines, will be put in force next season, I am curious to know how long it will remain in operation,** says big Harry Weldon, of Cincinnati. The enforcement of this rule will tread on the toes of the magnates and will not hurt the players. Last year the players had to stand the brunt of the battle in that if they were fined they had to pay the fines out of their own pockets, as the magnates had a cast-iron agreement that they would not come to the rescue of players in this respect. If the management does not inflict fines for being ordered out of games a nice little loop-hole will be opened for players with a "yellow streak" in their playing make-up. Some of the doughty pitchers and per cent. batters, who have their records in view all the time, could, when they saw a hard game in front of them, purposely make themselves so offensive to the umpire that there would be nothing left for him to do but order them out of the game. There are players of this kind in the League; more of them than a casual thinker would suspect. Unless the magnates back up the umpires by fining such players there will be any number of "soldiers" and "quitters" and "duck tough company" seeking the bench by the offensive coaching and personal abuse route.

**The projected tour of the Philadelphia cricketers to England next summer will probably be deferred.** Discouraging letters have been received from Secretary Alcock and Lord Harris, advising the Quakers to postpone their trip for a year, on account of the Australians who will visit England next year. As Mr. Alcock and Lord Harris represent the cricket element of England, the trip is certain to be abandoned.

## DOMINO.

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## PUGILISTIC SMALL TALK.

**Early in January Jim Williams will meet Tom Sharkey** in a finish fight at the Colima A. C., San Francisco.

**Jack Doyle and Mike Foley of the United States steamship** New York, sparred in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Dec. 7. Doyle got the decision.

**Martin Flaherty, of Boston, and Larry Burns, of Cohoes,** N. Y., will probably be matched to meet for 8 rounds at 125 pounds at the New Manhattan Athletic Club on Dec. 20.

**Jim Hall, who is matched to meet Joe Choyinski in a** limited-round contest in the Empire Athletic Club on Jan. 13, says he will at once start in training at Pittsburgh.

**Harry Fisher, the Brooklyn lightweight, is anxious to** arrange a contest with Tommy Kelly, the Hoboken Cyclone, the event to take place before the New York Athletic Club next month.

**George Dixon, returning from Boston to New York, said he** was disgusted with the treatment he received at the Manhattan Club that he would go to work for \$5 a week before he would box there again.

**The Pawtucket A. C. inaugurated the season with a box-**ing exhibition between Gallagher and Flaherty, both of Boston. Flaherty had a picnic and carried off the honors, but the work of both men was tame.

**Fred Greene, of Minneapolis, and George Johnson, of** Saginaw, featherweights, fought 16 rounds to a draw on Dec. 8, in a tent pitched near the Michigan State line. Darkness and the intense cold put a stop to the contest.

**Kid McCoy, who has just returned from England, says** there is no truth in the rumor that he eloped with a variety actress, leaving his wife in needy circumstances. McCoy is now in Cincinnati with his wife, and is as devoted a husband as one can find anywhere.

**Joe Walcott has signed a contract to manage and make** matches for Joe Elms, the colored boxer, for one year. He has arranged a limited-round bout for Elms with a good bantamweight of Brockton, Mass. The "go" will be decided the latter part of this month.

**A telegram from Cincinnati says that if Billy Murphy** succeeds in whipping Solly Smith he will go after Jimmy Anthony, who is about New York looking for a fight. Murphy can very easily fight at 112 pounds, which is two pounds under the bantamweight. In fighting Solly Smith Murphy is giving away eight pounds, which is more than any other fighter in his class will do.

**Jack McAuliffe thinks he has a worthy successor in** "Kid" Lavigne, and will relinquish the lightweight championship to the Saginaw lad in due time. McAuliffe does not think yet he is a "back number," and wants the chance to face the coming man before casting aside his hard-earned and deserved laurels. Consequently a match will be arranged between the men, and, win or lose, Jack will hand over to Lavigne the championship.

**A cable says Jim Smith has accepted the challenge of** Frank Slavin, but the details of the fight have not been arranged yet. Dick Burge has challenged the world to fight at 142 pounds, for \$1,000 to \$5,000 a side, for the championship of England, the fight to take place during the Derby week. The Bellingbroke Club offers \$5,000 and expenses for a fight between Slavin and Maher, and \$4,000 for a fight between Slavin and Maher.

**The "Cincinnati Enquirer," commenting on the Fitzsimmons-Maher match, has the following to say:** "Another feature of the present championship match that is without a precedent is the fact that it is to be fought without a stake. Not a dollar in a side bet will be hinged on the result of this fight. The last three championship fights have been for stakes. Kilrain and Sullivan fought for \$10,000 a side; so did Sullivan and Corbett, while Mitchell and Corbett were matched for \$10,000 a side, but finally fought for only half that amount."

## Ready! Time! Biff! Bang!

Lots of fun and good solid healthy exercise in a brisk bout with the gloves. The best glove furnishes the most fun. THE POLICE GAZETTE STANDARD BOXING GLOVE is the best in the market. Send two cent stamp for list and catalogue. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

## POINTS FOR CORRESPONDENTS

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**RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,**  
The Fox Building,  
Franklin Square, New York.

H. St. Louis, Mo.—Riordan was first.  
J. McD., Granville, N. Y.—Did Fitzsimmons and Jackson ever fight?.....No.

M. J. H., Hartford, Ct.—Please repeat your query. Your first letter doubtless miscarried.  
Reader, Cleveland, O.—Did John L. Sullivan ever fight Geo. Godfrey, and when?.....No.

M. M., New York City.—What is the correct height of Steve O'Donnell?.....6 feet 3/4 inch.

W. N., Idaho, Kan.—Did Fitzsimmons and Maher ever have a rough and tumble fight?.....No.

P. S. W., Fort Duchesne, Utah.—How many rounds did Jackson and Corbett fight?.....41 rounds.

G. M., Durin, N. Dak.—Did Fitzsimmons ever whip Joe Choyinski?.....No; they fought a draw.

L. Z., Wheeling, W. Va.—When did Peter Maher and Robert Fitzsimmons fight?.....March 2, 1892.

W. G., Columbus, Ga.—The referee is the best judge. We cannot decide upon your description of the affair.

Reader.—W. bet B that Sullivan knocked Kilrain out. B bets that it was a decision?.....It was a decision.

T. R. K., Wilmerding, Pa.—Was James J. Corbett at one time champion heavy weight pugilist of the world?.....No.

J. C. K., Fairfax, Minn.—Can a party holding a flush open a jack pot in draw poker?.....Certainly; a flush beats a pair of jacks.

Star, Madison, Neb.—Did Jim Hall ever defeat Fitzsimmons?.....Hall is credited with a victory over Fitzsimmons in Australia.

F. C. H., Seneca Falls, N. Y.—Did Joe Goddard and Frank P. Slavin ever come together in a finish fight or a contest?.....No.

G. B. K., New York City.—Did Charley Mitchell of England, when he fought with Sullivan, have the best of the fight?.....Yes.

A. M., Washington, D. C.—M bets B that John L. Sullivan was never champion heavy weight of the world. Which wins?.....M wins.

E. D., New York.—Was the fight between Corbett and Jackson decided a draw or declared no fight?.....It was decided "no contest."

H. E., —Was "Denver" Ed Smith ever defeated? Where was Smith born?.....I see answer to subscriber, Michigan. 2. England.

M. W. M., Johnsonburg, Pa.—How old was Corbett when he fought Jackson? What is Kid Lavigne's age?.....I. 25 years. 2. 23 years.

Subscriber, Chicago, Ill.—What is the right name of Young Fitzsimmons, of Chicago, and his birthplace?.....Never heard of the gentleman.

R. F. W., Paterson, N. J.—Who ever rode around the globe on a bicycle?.....The trip was never made in a way that would justify endorsement.

J. R. H., Chicago, Ill.—Is Robert Fitzsimmons, the pugilist, an American citizen?.....He has not been vested with the rights of citizenship yet.

CONSTANT READER, Newark, N. J.—Was Corbett ever beaten, either as an amateur or professional?.....His record shows one defeat as an amateur.

A., Pittsburg, Pa.—Please inform me if you intend to publish the life of Holmes, the notorious murderer, in book form.....No, we shall not publish it.

H. M. E., North Waterford, Me.—W bets E that Dixon gets the decision in the fight with Ernie. The fight is a draw, who wins?.....The money is drawn.

C. N. C., West Superior, Wis.—How many rounds did Frank P. Slavin and Peter Jackson fight at the National Club, in London, in '92?.....Ten rounds.

E. F. G., New York.—Is a pivot blow in a fight a foul, and if J. J. Corbett used it on Charlie Mitchell in their contest?.....I. It is generally barred. 2. No.

A. B., Hibbing, Minn.—What was the fastest mile ever paced by Robert J. Also the fastest time made by Flying Jib?.....Robert J. 3:01 3/4; Flying Jib 1:58 3/4.

C. S. Q., Yuma, Ari.—Did Corbett ever in his boxing career draw the color line? Did he ever refuse to fight Peter Jackson?.....I. No. 2. No, he did fight Jackson.

P. J. R., Lowell, Mass.—What was the number of rounds fought between James J. Corbett and John L. Sullivan for the championship of the world?.....34 rounds.

H. G., New York.—Kindly inform me where a young man could be trained for the athletic business?.....Pastime Athletic Club, Sixty-sixth street and East river.

C. G., Camden, Ill.—When did Donnelly and Cooper fight? When did John C. Heenan and Sayres fight?.....I. Sept. 14, 1814. 2. At Farnborough, Eng., April 17, 1860.

Subscriber, Jackson, Mich.—Has "Denver" Ed Smith ever lost a prize fight, and by whom was he whipped?.....Geo. Godfrey beat him in 25 rounds in Hoboken, N. J.

W. M. H., Savannah, Ga.—Please tell me where George Dixon was born and raised, and if, as a boy, he ever lived in Macon, Ga.?.....I. Halifax, N. S. 2. Don't know.

J. J. D., Cairo, Ill.—When does a yachtsman make the fastest time, going against the wind or going with the wind?.....Going with, or as it is called, before the wind.

V. M., Oregon, Otsego county, N. Y.—Which has the longer reach, Kid Lavigne or Joe Walcott? How much taller is the kid than Walcott?.....I. Walcott. 2. Two inches.

H. K., Charleston, S. C.—Did Jake Kilrain and Steve O'Donnell ever have a fight in this country or elsewhere, and if so, how many times?.....Twice, Boston and Coney Island.

M. E. R., Dayton, O.—Did Peter Maher have a mustache when he fought Steve O'Donnell. I saw it in the POLICE GAZETTE.....If you saw it in the POLICE GAZETTE, bet on it.

T. E. H., Vaughan, W. Va.—Was Peter Jackson ever knocked out, and by whom?.....Farnam is credited with a knock out, but it is creditably reported that Jackson was "doped."

F. J. McN., Chicago, Ill.—Please inform me if a horse by the name of Foxhall ever won the English Derby or the St. Leger, or what race did he win?.....Won the Grand Prix, France.

J. A., Mystic, Ia.—What is the longest jump made on ice skates?.....Record for running long jump on ice skates is 15 feet 2 inches, by S. D. See, on Cortland Lake, N. Y., Jan. 17, 1885.

Reader, Indianapolis.—C bets G that Fitzsimmons never made Jim Corbett a proposition, after signed articles for fight at Dallas, for loser to have any part of purse. Who wins?.....No.

J. E. M., Minneapolis, Minn.—Which is the lightweight champion of America, McAuliffe, McKeever or Lavigne?.....McAuliffe is the recognized champion, but Lavigne is rightfully champion.

Reader, Pekin, Ill.—What pugilist has the largest record of finish fights? Inform me as to the whereabouts of Ed Gorman, the lightweight pugilist?.....I. George Dixon. 2. Gorman is in Baltimore.

J. Q., Kansas City, Mo.—What is the correct age and record of

James Corbett?.....39 years. Send 25 cents for "Life and Battles of James J. Corbett" and it will give you all the information in detail.

C. L., Paterson, N. J.—Did Sullivan in any round in the fight with Paddy Ryan drop his hands as if mesmerized, according to the POLICE GAZETTE of that date?.....If it is in the POLICE GAZETTE it's so.

N. I. S., Meriden, Conn.—Please inform me whether a 300 score in bowling can be made on 11 strikes, or if not, how many does it take? I mean the two ball game on a regulation alley?.....12 strikes.

I. E. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Please state whether or not Creedon and Fitzsimmons fought for the middleweight championship? What is the professional middleweight limit?.....I. Yes. 2. 156 pounds.

C. D. V., Slater, N. C.—Was there any fractional currency issued to the amount of seventy-five cents?.....No, but six shillings was an equivalent price to 75 cents. Don't understand your other question.

J. J. R., St. Thomas, Ont.—Please advise me the names of some of the leading papers published in the United States devoted to the thoroughbred runner?.....Spirit of Times; Turf, Field and Farm and American Sportsman.

J. N. S. D., Milbury, Mass.—What is the age of Jake Kilrain, his weight, and how many times was he defeated?.....Thirty six years. Fighting weight, about 185 pounds. Four times; Sullivan, Corbett, Slavin and O'Donnell.

J. B. M., Bangor, Me.—I made a bet of \$25 to \$10 on the Walcott Lavigne fight; I bet that Walcott wins, providing they fight to a finish. Who wins?.....They didn't fight to a finish, and knowing the conditions, your bet was a ridiculous one.

A. B. C., Milford, Mass.—A bets that Jim Corbett and Peter Jackson did not fight a draw, and B bets they did. Who wins, and did they get the stake money?.....It was a draw to all intents and purposes. No, they did not get the purse money.

C. S., Oswegatchie, N. Y.—Was John L. Sullivan ever champion of the world? Let me know what a book that would give me information about all the champions would cost?.....Send 25 cents for POLICE GAZETTE's "Champions of the Prize Ring."

Z. P. C., Durham, N. C.—A bets B that he can shoulder a post weighing 210 pounds; B takes the post on his knee, then on his breast and slowly puts it on his shoulder. Who wins?.....A wins. No stipulation was made as to how it was to be shouldered.

H. B. L., Green Bay, Wis.—H bet L that Silver Cloud won the American Derby in 1885; L bet H that Volante won the American Derby in 1885, and Volante was owned by E. J. Baldwin and Isaac Murphy rode Volante.....Volante won; Silver Cloud won in 1886.

J. M., West Baden, Ind.—What is a pivot blow, and is it barred? Was Walcott ever been whipped? If so, by whom? Is he champion lightweight of the world?.....I. A blow in which the man who delivers it swings completely around. 2. Yes; by Kid Lavigne. 3. No.

Reader, Newark, N. Y.—What is the standing record for 100 yards run? also record for 1 hour's run, and who by?.....9 4/5 seconds, by Owens, Carey and Wefers. W. G. George ran 1 1/4 miles in 59 minutes 5 1/4 seconds, which comes nearest to being an hour record.

C. A. M., Wilkesbarre, Pa.—Was Brincy Campbell, the pugilist, ever boxing instructor of the Manhattan Athletic Club or the Coney Island A. C.? What is the reason Sullivan or Corbett was never considered champion of the world?.....No. 2. Because they never won the title.

G. A. H., West Washington, D. C.—If four gentlemen sit down to play a game of draw poker, can the dealer take four or five cards, in this or any other game of draw poker, if there is no understanding? What are the rules of playing draw poker on this point?.....Dealer must take five cards.

E. W. L., Hyndman, Pa.—Two parties were having a glove knock-out, and one party would deliberately grab the rope with one hand, to avoid a heavy fall. Would this not be a fall, in taking hold of the rope, or would it not? The fight was according to London rules. ....No. He might do it to steady himself.

I. H., Washington, D. C.—H bet K \$100 to \$55 that Yale would defeat Princeton, but before betting he finds out that the score stood 10 to 0 in favor of Yale, and informs K that the score was 4 to 0. This was before the bet was made. Yale wins, and K refuses to pay, as H gave him wrong information.....H wins.

J. V., Ridgedale, Ia.—What is Jake Kilrain's age? From whom did Kilrain win the championship of America? Who is the recognized champion pugilist of England at this time? Please give a list of Kilrain's battles?.....I. 36. 2. Claimed the title on a technicality. 3. Jim Smith. 4. Send 25 cents for "Life and Battles of Jake Kilrain."

G. & M., Jersey City, N. J.—G bets M that Jackson fought Jim Smith once; M bets that they fought twice. Who is right? What is the Kentucky Rosebud's right name? Did Jim Hall knock Frank Slavin out? Does a flush beat a full house?.....I. They fought on Nov. 11, 1889, and boxed an exhibition at the London Aquarium. 2. Walter Edwards. 3. Yes. 4. No.

A. M. W., Buffalo, N. Y.—Has there ever been a champion heavyweight of the world; if so, who? Is there a champion of the world in any class; if so, who? Is there such a thing as championship of the world?.....I. Jem Mace beat Tom Allen for the championship of the world. Kilrain and Smith fought a draw for the title. 2. George Dixon. 3. Yes.

W. O., Gallon, O.—Is John Kilrain the correct name of Jake Kilrain, the pugilist that was defeated by Steve O'Donnell in 21 rounds. Do you think Corbett will ever fight again? Do you believe Fitzsimmons ever intended to fight Corbett? Who, in your opinion, is the best man, Fitzsimmons or Maher?.....I. Yes. 2. Yes. 3. No. 4. Have no opinion to offer.

J. N. K., Trenton, Mo.—A and B are standing in a store; A said to B I weigh more than you do; B said I take you on that proposition; they weigh and it is found they weigh the same; B claims the money because A does not weigh more than he while A claims it is a draw bet?.....The bet is a draw. The phrasing of the bet permits of a technicality that might justify a claim, but it would be an unjust one.

C. W. McC., Carrollton, O.—Ten people are shooting with rifles, at 50 yards, for money divided into first, second and third prizes; two men tie for first place at 3/4 of an inch from the centre of bull's-eye; another man has 6/8 of an inch. How is the money divided?.....The two at 5/8 shoot for first or second money divide, or settle it between themselves. The 6/8 of an inch contender gets third money.

McO., Butler, Pa.—Please suggest a settlement in the following bet: A bets B about the time the big fight was to come off, that Corbett and Fitzsimmons would never fight. B says to A, "never is a long time." A says, "I can live as long as you can to see it." Now A claims the money, and B says they may fight some time, and as the bet said "never" he has a chance yet.....Take a drink and draw down the money.

G. Y., Ulaca, N. Y.—I claim that prominent sporting men who saw the Mitchell-Corbett fight stated that the former was fouled by Corbett and remember reading their statements in the GAZETTE. A friend states I am wrong, that Corbett did not foul Mitchell nor no one ever claimed such. Who is right? Is it not admitted by nearly all the prominent witnesses of the fight that Mitchell was surely fouled?.....I. No claim of foul was made. 2. Not in the opinion of our sporting editor.

O. E. W., Chicago, Ill.—There are a number of gentlemen here who claim that Julius Cyr has challenged Eugene Sandow in New York, and that it was at one of Mr. Sandow's performances that it happened. Is this true? Who, in your estimation, is the strongest man to-day? Aug. W. Johnson claims to have challenged Sandow, but says that Sandow never responded. Now how is it that Sandow didn't take these men up? I saw Sandow perform about a month ago in the Auditorium, and liked the man. He put up a dumb bell, which he said weighed 300 pounds, with one arm and I have never seen it duplicated. Is that a bogus bell or does it actually weigh 300 pounds?.....I. Cyr has challenged Sandow. 2. Cyr. 3. Johnson has challenged Sandow. 4. Because he is afraid he might be beaten. 5. The bell probably weighed about 100 pounds.

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## FITZ IS KICKING AGAIN.

Says \$10,000 is Not Enough for Him to Fight For.

## BOXING VERSUS FOOTBALL.

Why Lavigne is Justified in Claiming the Lightweight Championship.

## PEDLAR PALMER IS IN DEMAND.

If there were a single extenuating circumstance to justify it, I would like to be the one man to jump into the breach in the midst of all this abusive trade and defend Fitzsimmons' course of action, but after a careful analysis of all the conditions and weighing up the situation from every standpoint, I have become convinced that if ever a pugilist deserved the contempt of the sporting fraternity that individual is Fitzsimmons.

His actions since he became an aspirant for world's championship honors are without a parallel in fight history. He succeeded in making a "monkey" of himself in the controversy with Corbett, on that memorable 31st day of October. I opined then that nothing but pugilistic oblivion awaited him, and had it not been for Dan Stuart's friendly interest, my prediction regarding the eclipse of his pugilistic glory would have been verified again. But, here we find him engaged in "conning" the public in the way that characterized the fiasco at Hot Springs. After his disgraceful connection with that affair one would be justified in supposing that he would jump at any chance that would re-establish him in the affections of the sporting public. He protested his lack of responsibility for the late fiasco and succeeded in arousing Stuart's sympathies, and the big Texan, eager to do all he could to give the "pin-headed" Australian the one chance to show whether he seriously wants to fight or not, wasted his time and spent his money in locating a place where a fight could be held without interference and legal complications. Then with Fitzsimmons' authority to make two matches, one with Corbett and another with Peter Maher, Stuart came to New York to do business. Corbett told him that he had retired and that there was absolutely no possible chance of making a match. Stuart's only course then lay in signing Maher, and the big Irishman being a willing party, matters were arranged as easily and cheaply as Stuart could arrange them. As the honor of drawing up the articles of agreement fell to me, thus enabling me to hear the arguments and discussions incident to framing the conditions governing the proposed fight, I am in a position to say that the Texas sport named every one of the conditions, and in Fitzsimmons' behalf argued in a masterly manner to overcome every objection that Maher's representative advanced. Had the "lanky 'un" been at the matchmaking in propria persona, he would have arranged matters better to his own satisfaction.

It is any wonder then that when Stuart buttoned his coat over the articles bearing Quinn's signature which rested in his inside pocket, he gave a grunt of satisfaction and in his soulful exuberance assured everybody that there would be a fight sure.

His reasoning, however, did not include a possible kick coming from the stranded pugilist whom he was trying to befriend, but the kick came all right and before the ink on the articles of agreement had had a chance to become dry.

To any other man, living almost upon the bounty of strangers, stranded with his wife and newly born child, far away from home with no facilities for making a dollar, and without a reputation even to sustain him, a chance to make \$10,000 would have been seized with the same agility that a drowning man would have clutched at a straw, but not so with Fitzsimmons. He declined to consider the money end of the proposition, repudiated his authority to Stuart to make a match and kicked up a general fuss that justified the big Texan leaving New York in a disgusted frame of mind, vowing his intentions to go direct to Texas to find out what Fitzsimmons meant by making a monkey of him.

Left to his own resources I doubt whether the auburn-topped Australian would have gone quite so far in making an ass of himself, but the fine Italian hand of Martin Julian can be traced through the whole affair. As a flip-flopper and an acrobatic crab, Martin Julian enjoys the distinction of being a huge success, but by the widest stretch of the most elastic imagination nobody can justify regard him in the light of a managerial premier. Thus far he has shown himself to be lacking sufficient ability to direct the destinies of a kick pig, let alone those of a pugilist who alleges his desire to battle for championship honors. Had the Australian "coppered" every play that his astute manager has made since they joined their interests together he would to day be in the full enjoyment of that prosperity which comes to every man who keeps faith with the public. Fitzsimmons has been blind to his own interests in hearkening to the advice of this managerial nonentity. He manipulated the crisis which brought about the Hot Springs fiasco, and his aim now seems to be to complete the work by aiding his protegee to commit public suicide.

That the object of the now pending course of action is to squeeze Stuart I am thoroughly convinced. Fitzsimmons has no justifiable reason to evade a battle with Maher. He has beaten him once and doubtless has confidence in his ability to do it again, but it is a well known fact that Fitzsimmons always received a bonus, separate and apart from the money involved, in all his fights, and he hopes by exacting a \$20,000 purse to force the Texan into giving him a certainty on the side. As for his insistence upon a \$5,000 side bet he hasn't got it to bet himself, and, after the way he has thrown down everybody who has befriended him, where he expects it to come from now God only knows. The whole thing can be briefly summarized: Fitzsimmons is either a fool or a knave, perhaps both.

## The endorsement of the leading athletic

clubs has given professional pugilism a foothold in New York again. Some of the hardest and most vicious contests ever seen in the ring take place regularly under the auspices of the New York and Manhattan Athletic Clubs, and the fact has been demonstrated that with proper and confined restrictions glove disputes may be decided without interference, justifiable or otherwise, by the authorities. Public contests are under the ban and will remain so as long as the owners of public morals are ignorantly of the opinion that boxing bouts have a tendency to arouse a vicious instinct in the spectator. That no interference is made with the clubs above named is due to the fact that the gathering is restricted to their members and invited guests, and as the police authorities are not invited guests and have not the right of invasion without a proper warrant of law they are perforce ignorant of any infraction of the law.

But then the fact must also be considered that the membership of the clubs referred to comprise many of the leading and most influential men in the metropolis, who, by the way, take a lively interest in the sport and are among the most enthusiastic attendants on "boxing nights."

This club system has been successful in London, Eng., New Orleans, Pittsburg, Boston and New York, and there is no reason why it should not be applied to other cities in which public boxing contests have been forbidden. No reasonable excuse could be given for police interference with a gathering of orderly people, club members and their guests, to participate in a proceeding that affords them facilities for entertainment that is to their liking. The club scheme is worth trying in cities like Chicago, St. Louis, Baltimore, Minneapolis, St. Paul, San Francisco, etc., etc., which have a clientele of ring followers.

A properly organized and incorporated club in the first place, and

sufficient independence to refuse to be "shaken down," ought to be essential.

The football season is over, happily with fewer fatalities than usual, but enough at any rate to again illustrate the danger to life and limb involved in the game, and to compare it in this respect to scientific pugilism which is now being made the cause of official antagonism throughout the country.

To allow one set of athletes under a certain name to rough it in man-to-man struggle and to outlaw others for something less, simply because they work under a name not agreeable to what athletic aristocracy we have in this country, cannot be shared in by any one with a proper sense of right. The cry for justice where boxing is concerned is an old one; in vain it may be shown that twenty men are killed in football where there is one in boxing, and in vain it may be shown that boxing is carried on under the most humane rules possible in such matters, rules codified after more than a century of theory and practice, while the upstart game of obtaining mastery by struggling over the field with a football cannot be brought within any such restrictions.

There seems to be a very general disposition among ring followers to give Jack McAuliffe the honor of being the lightweight champion, denying to George Lavigne the right to bear and defend the title. If ever a man demonstrated his superiority in a class Lavigne certainly did when he defeated Walcott, the toughest black welterweight in the world. Had Lavigne been defeated his glory would not have been dimmed, for he alone, of not only the lightweight but the welterweight division, had the temerity to face a man who had gone about the country knocking out men of all shapes and sizes, not barring heavyweights. But Lavigne was not defeated, he won a battle that may well go upon the records as unparalleled in the history of the ring; he vanquished his opponent by superior fight quality, gameness, and perseverance and determination.

O'Rourke makes a pretext of excusing Walcott's poor showing on the ground that his legs were cramped and stiff, thus shifting the responsibility for his own lack of judgment in exposing his protegee to defeat by agreeing to conditions that conspired to bring it about. Cunning matchmaker as O'Rourke believes himself to be, he allowed himself to be entrapped and outwitted at every turn.

Sam Fitzpatrick's mental quality may not be transcendently brilliant, his conversational powers may be lacking in the scintillating quality which characterizes other pugilistic impresarios; he has never exposed himself to the danger of becoming notorious for wanting to see his name in print. He is not gifted in the art of blowing his own horn, and he has no ambition to pose as the only manager on earth, but when it comes down to matchmaking he knows what he wants and generally gets it. He realized that a fight between Lavigne and Walcott was inevitable. O'Rourke had been boasting about the soft thing his alleged lightweight would have when he tackled the lad from Saginaw; he sought the match for months before it was made, but the conditions he offered were not to Lavigne's liking. Fitzpatrick tried the efficacy of being patient, finally the result came and when he had nursed the matchmaker from Boston into committing a grievous error in judgment he called him.

Had Lavigne contented himself with simply staying the fifteen rounds, and showing no aggressiveness at all, his victory would have been of a negative character somewhat reflecting upon his gameness, but instead of this he fought the negro almost to a quitting point in the fourteenth round. That the contest was not of twenty rounds duration is a source of regret to Lavigne's admirers. In the additional five rounds it is impossible to see how Walcott could have avoided being knocked out.

So far as the lightweight title is concerned everybody realizes that McAuliffe's claim is only one of suffrage. He will not fight Lavigne for the title and there is no one now to dispute the Michigan lad's right to wear it.

## Professional tournaments are a new element

in the game of fistuffs that the matchmakers and promoters of pugilistic events are encouraging their patrons to take an interest in. One of these affairs was held in New York recently, and was productive of some lively boxing, not of a sufficient quality, I must admit, but sufficient slugging was done and blood spilled to please the most enthusiastic follower of the ring. The Empire Athletic Club intends to profit by the success which characterized the affair referred to above, and has announced a tournament in two classes (115 and 135 pounds), to be held on the evenings of December 23 and 30.

That these affairs are popular with the boxers as well as the people who pay their money, is evidenced by the fact that some of the best men in the East have already sent in their entries. Among them may be found in the 115-pound class—Mike Sears, of Boston; Jimmy Kaveny, Boston; Jerry Sullivan, Boston; Patry Haley, Boston; Charley Kelly, New York; Sammy Kelly, New York; Benny Leon, New York; Jack Madden, Brooklyn; Joe Elias, Boston. 135-pound class—Jimmy Handler, Newark; Al O'Brien, Philadelphia; "Ball" McCarthy, Philadelphia; Bobby Dobbs, Philadelphia; Billy Vernon, Haverstraw; Joe Harmon, New York.

Nearly all of the boxers named graduated from the amateur ranks, where to win a tournament one must really do more fighting than in a half a dozen professional bouts of a limited round character. They are therefore able to go the distance and repeat without difficulty. Some of the best fights on record have been of the four, six or ten round character, and if the people who go to Masep to not get the full worth of their money I shall be mistaken.

## The mails to England are just now filled with

letters from pugilistic projectors who are anxious to bring Pedlar Palmer to this country. Palmer's victory over Plimmer has made him a hero of no mean order, and the managerial corps look upon him as a medium for profitable business. Pedlar may be induced to come over, but I doubt it. I have it from very good authority that he is desirous of going against Jimmy Barry, and as Parson Davies has announced his intention of taking his little protegee over before long the cockney lad will await his coming in the hope that something might be arranged over there. In the event of his coming over Pedlar will not long remain idle. Plimmer's victory over Dixon in a limited round encounter would justify the latter in anticipating a meeting with the man who defeated the man who defeated him. Then there is Barry who can fight nearer to Palmer's weight than any one else in this country; Jimmy Anthony, who came all the way from Australia to fight Plimmer, will be on the lookout for a bout with the latter's conqueror; Casper Leon, who is second to Barry on the list, will try for a go, so will Jimmy Kaveny, of Boston, Sammy Kelly, of New York, and many others. Palmer could be kept very busy over here for a time.

SAM AUSTIN.

## SPORTING NOTES.

Life of Champion Bob Fitzsimmons, in book form, illustrated with portraits, etc. Price 25 cents, sent by mail to your address. Richard K. Fox, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

Casper Leon is anxious to fight Mike Small, the 105-pound champion of England. A cable from the Police Gazette, recently, to the National Sporting Club included Leon's challenge and an offer for a purse.

Wag Harding, according to a cable to the "Police Gazette" recently, covered James Stansbury's deposit for a race for the sculling championship of the world. Stansbury is the Australian champion, while Harding recently defeated Sullivan for the championship of England. The proposed race will probably take place next July in England.

The Cape authorities evidently do not intend to allow South Africa to be brought into disrepute through the medium of the short-haired fraternity. A cable from Johannesburg to the Police Gazette, the other day, is as follows:

In view of the visit of Slavin and Mitchell the Cape authorities have decided to stop all boxing matches, realizing that the police force is not sufficiently large to cope with the crowds likely to assemble.

## Life of Fitzsimmons.

His Life and Battles in the Prize Ring, in book form, illustrated with portraits, etc. Price 25 cents, sent by mail to your address. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

## LOOKS LIKE A FIGHT NOW.

Dan Stuart "Persuaded" Fitz to Sign the Articles.

FEB. 14, NEAR EL PASO, TEX.

For the Championship, \$10,000 and the "Police Gazette" Belt.

## MAHER READY TO BEGIN TRAINING.

Fitzsimmons has signed the articles to fight Peter Maher. This interesting proceeding took place on a tug boat in the Gulf of Mexico last Monday. A telegram from Houston says:

Dan Stuart arrived here on Monday, having just returned from a trip to New York, where he obtained the signature of J. J. Quinn, manager of Peter Maher, on whom Corbett has bestowed the championship, for a finish fight with Fitzsimmons for Feb. 14 near El Paso, Tex., for a purse of \$10,000.

Julian, Fitzsimmons' manager, objected to the time and place when W. K. Wheelock, Stuart's confidential agent, was here a few days ago, but changed his mind after a conference with Stuart.

The party went out in the Gulf of Mexico in a tug boat, and the articles were signed there, as signing them in this State would jeopardize the liberty of the participants.

Stuart, when seen by a reporter, stated that everything was settled, and that a fight would surely come off on the date and at the place named.

In one Fitzsimmons wins Corbett can be compelled to fight, and if Maher is the winner Quinn, according to Stuart, will immediately issue a challenge to the ex-champion.

Fitzsimmons will immediately begin training. In conversation both Fitzsimmons and Julian expressed themselves as confident of winning, and the former says we will win if only for the satisfaction of getting at Corbett. There will be no side bet.

The conditions, as agreed upon by the principals, are that between noon and 6 o'clock on the 14th day of February 1896, they will come out with five-ounce gloves, under Marquis or Queensbury rules, to decide the heavyweight championship of the world.

A purse of \$10,000 is to be given by Dan A. Stuart, together with the "Police Gazette" championship belt.

Stuart states that he deposited \$5,000 with a temporary stakeholder, on Dec. 5, 1895.

The remaining \$5,000 is to be deposited on February 9, 1896, and a final stakeholder is to be selected by mutual agreement on the 14th day of January 1896.

Fitzsimmons and Maher agree to deposit with the temporary stakeholder \$1,000 each to guarantee appearance in the ring, and they also agree that the \$10,000 purse shall be given to the winner of the contest.

Stuart agrees that if for any reason he fails to fulfill his part of the agreement to facilitate the meeting he shall forfeit the \$10,000 placed by him in the hands of the final stakeholder, same to be divided equally between Fitzsimmons and Maher.

The location of the battle ground will be chosen by Stuart, who agrees to inform Maher and Fitzsimmons of the place selected at 9 o'clock on the morning of the 13th day of February, 1896.

The selection of a referee is to be made on January 14. The battle will probably take place on the Mexican border, near El Paso, Tex.

Pending Fitzsimmons' answer, one way or the other, Peter Maher has passed many an anxious moment. He says he wants especially to meet Fitzsimmons, and the actions of his backers leave no doubt of his sincerity. They have offered to put up a side bet of \$10,000 to meet Fitzsimmons' demand for more money. But the main question with Maher and his people is the championship, and this will be decided by a square fight, irrespective of what Fitzsimmons can or will do. Quinn has wired Stuart that if Fitzsimmons will not sign to fight for the \$10,000 purse he may consider himself at liberty to sign any other man in the world to take his place, and that the side bet offered Fitzsimmons will be extended to the man who takes his place.

Quinn makes a further offer in case Stuart proves unable to make a suitable match. He will pit Maher against any pugilist who thinks he wants a chance at the championship. No purse will be required, and Quinn will bet \$5,000 or \$10,000 on the result. This offer is open to Slavin, Ed Smith, Choyinski, if he beats Hall, or any other man who can find backing against Maher. Quinn said he will not insist on a larger bet than \$5,000, because he wants to give everybody a chance, and he doubts whether some of the men willing to meet Maher could raise \$10,000 backing without difficulty. Said he:

"Maher has already said that he does not want a championship which he has not earned in the ring. We want this question settled in one way or another. If Stuart is unable to sign Pitts or some one to take his place, the matter will be out of his hands, and Maher will be ready to meet all comers for as low a stake as I have mentioned. We will raise no bets for the purpose of bluffing anybody and will cover anything put up. We will fight in private if the fight can't be brought off before a crowd."

## MORE RICH SPRING STAKES.

Guaranteed Values in All the Brooklyn Jockey Club Events.

Following the precedent it established last spring, the word "sweepstakes" is omitted from the conditions of all events for next spring of the Brooklyn Jockey Club. The events are converted into guaranteed stakes, to avoid any future complications should the final decision in the cases now in the courts be that a sweepstakes is a lottery.

The dates are not claimed, but the general expectation is that the meeting will begin on Saturday, May 16. The racing will be as important as in the past, the guaranteed value of the events being \$50,000.

The Brooklyn Handicap heads the list, and is worth \$10,000. The three additional handicaps and three stakes for three-year-olds and upward are worth in all \$12,000. The three-year-old stakes, worth \$14,500, and the \$14,000 offered in the two-year-old stakes, make up the total, and show how evenly the money is divided between the young and the mature horses. The Brooklyn Handicap conditions are identical with this year's race, when Hornuppe upset the favorites.

## DICK BURGE WILL FIGHT THEM.

Says Either Ryan, Smith, Lavigne or Walcott Will Suit Him.

Over a week ago the Police Gazette announced through its cable service that Dick Burge, of England, expressed a wish to fight Tommy Ryan, Billy Smith, George Lavigne or Joe Walcott. Endorsement comes in the shape of a letter to Richard K. Fox as follows:

Stk: For some months challenges have been forwarded from America to me by different lightweights, all claiming the champion-

ship, but so far not one has posted any money. The object can only be either to gain increased notoriety, or to get their expenses paid to this country, with the certainty of securing the loser's end of the purse and the off chance of winning outright. Now, when I went to America in order to meet the so-called lightweight champion there, I had to stand prepared to post \$3,000 to secure a match, and even at that did not succeed, neither did I receive any money for expenses. I don't propose, therefore, to box any American, black or white, for a purse only, or at any weight exceeding 10 stone 1 pound. When I fought Smith I only weighed 9 stone 13 pounds, and surely three pounds is enough to give any one when competing for championship honors. Once for all, I will box any man in the world, including Tommy Ryan, Billy Smith, Joe Walcott or George Lavigne, at 10 stone 2 pounds, for from \$1,000 up to \$5,000 a side and best purse offered, and will allow reasonable expenses. Match to come off in England, during the Derby week. First come, first served. Articles and a deposit to the Sporting Life will insure a match. Nobody barred. Yours, etc., Dick Burge, Lightweight Champion of the World.

## DIXON AND ERNE MAY FIGHT AGAIN.

The Buffalo Lad's Manager Willing to Arrange Another Match.

Early in the week the manager of George Dixon succeeded in getting into print again with a letter in which the referee of the New Manhattan Athletic Club was justly criticized for the unfairness of the decision rendered in the late bout between Dixon and Frank Erne. He also expressed a wish that a return match should be arranged. In connection with this matter the following letter will be of interest:

"Judging from the various communications printed of late from Thomas F. O'Rourke, the manager of George Dixon, the colored champion, he is dissatisfied with the result of the recent bout before the New Manhattan Athletic Club. He wants the public at large to believe that on that occasion Dixon was robbed of a decision, and is trying to deprive the youthful Buffalo fighter of the credit due him. This, in my opinion, savors of sour grapes, and to say the least, is very unprofessional. Now, to prove that that contest was not a fluke, I will match Frank Erne against George Dixon for twenty-five rounds exactly on the same conditions that governed the last match in the New Manhattan Athletic Club. The contest to take place before the club offering the best inducements. This will give Mr. O'Rourke an opportunity to prove whether he is right or wrong, and will settle beyond doubt the question in dispute. I fall to see how Mr. O'Rourke, in view of his recent utterances, can refuse to make this new match. If he is sincere he will drop his letter writing, come forward and make a match. With that purpose in view I will meet Mr. O'Rourke at any hour and place that he may designate. WILLIAM NEWMAN, Manager for Frank Erne."

## THIS IS A MODEL TRAIN

Ho for Florida, by the New York and Florida Short Line Limited.

Commencing Sunday, January 5th, and daily thereafter, the popular New York and Florida Short Line Limited will be resumed between New York and St. Augustine, via Pennsylvania, Southern, and Florida Central and Peninsula, leaving New York at 3:30 P. M. The train will be composed of Pullman's latest Compartment Cars, Sleeping, Dining, first-class Coach and Smoking Cars, from New York to St. Augustine. The announcement of the new train several years ago was one of the greatest achievements of the Southern Railway "Piedmont Air Line," and the public are highly grateful, and will continue to show their appreciation to the evident satisfaction of those instrumental in reducing the time between New York and Florida to a minimum.

## FISTIC NOTES.

Charley White wants to match Matt Matthews, the young featherweight, against any of the crack 118 pounders.

Billy Plimmer is broke, and English sports are raising funds for him. The money which he has worked so hard for the past three or four years was lost in his recent fight with Pedlar Palmer. He backed himself for \$2,500 and wagered \$1,500 more on himself.

Billy Ernst was slated to go six rounds with Charles McCarthy, of Philadelphia, in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Dec. 7. The latter was not on hand, and Charley Barnett, of New York, took his place. In the second round Ernst scored four clean knock downs and won easily.

Corbett has decided to stop talking and issue signed opinions of the pugilistic situation. The Warwick of prize fighters magnanimously says that he will let Maher alone, if the latter beats Fitzsimmons, unless he makes cracks at him. In that event, Corbett says, "I will call Maher." It is to be hoped that he won't call him as many uncomplimentary names as he did Fitzsimmons. The public are heartily weary of this style of fighting, so pleasing to the maker of champions.

The red-hot sports in Pittsburg are now engaged in singing a new song to the air of "The Wearing of the Green." It starts off with:

God bless Peter Maher

For the noble battle he did fight—

And then goes on to tell how Peter whipped the brave and mighty O'Donnell, winding up by saying that Peter's name and picture should be on every flag unfurled the nation o'er.

In referring to the challenges that Billy Smith and Tommy Ryan have been throwing out to Joe Choyinski, the Cincinnati Enquirer says: "Now, mysterious Billy Smith, like Tommy Ryan, is quoted as being anxious to make a match with Joe Choyinski. If Tommy and Billy would stick to their own class and get together in a finish contest they would please the fighting public better than throwing petty balls at a heavyweight. Joe Choyinski is big enough and clever enough to whip Ryan and Smith in the same ring."

The card for the second monthly boxing show to be given by the New York Athletic Club Dec. 24 is as follows: Casper Leon and Tommy Furey, 6 rounds, at 110 pounds; Tom Frazier and Tommy McGowan, 6 rounds, at 145 pounds; Joe Dunfee, of Syracuse, and Pete Reilly, of Long Island, 6 rounds, at 160 pounds; Sammy Meyers and Dave Wall, 6 rounds, at 114 pounds; Alf Hanlon, of England, and Tommy West, 6 rounds, at 154 pounds, and Leslie Pearce, of Philadelphia, and Jack Gibbons, of Brooklyn, 6 rounds, at 135 pounds. Maxey Moore will referee the bouts.

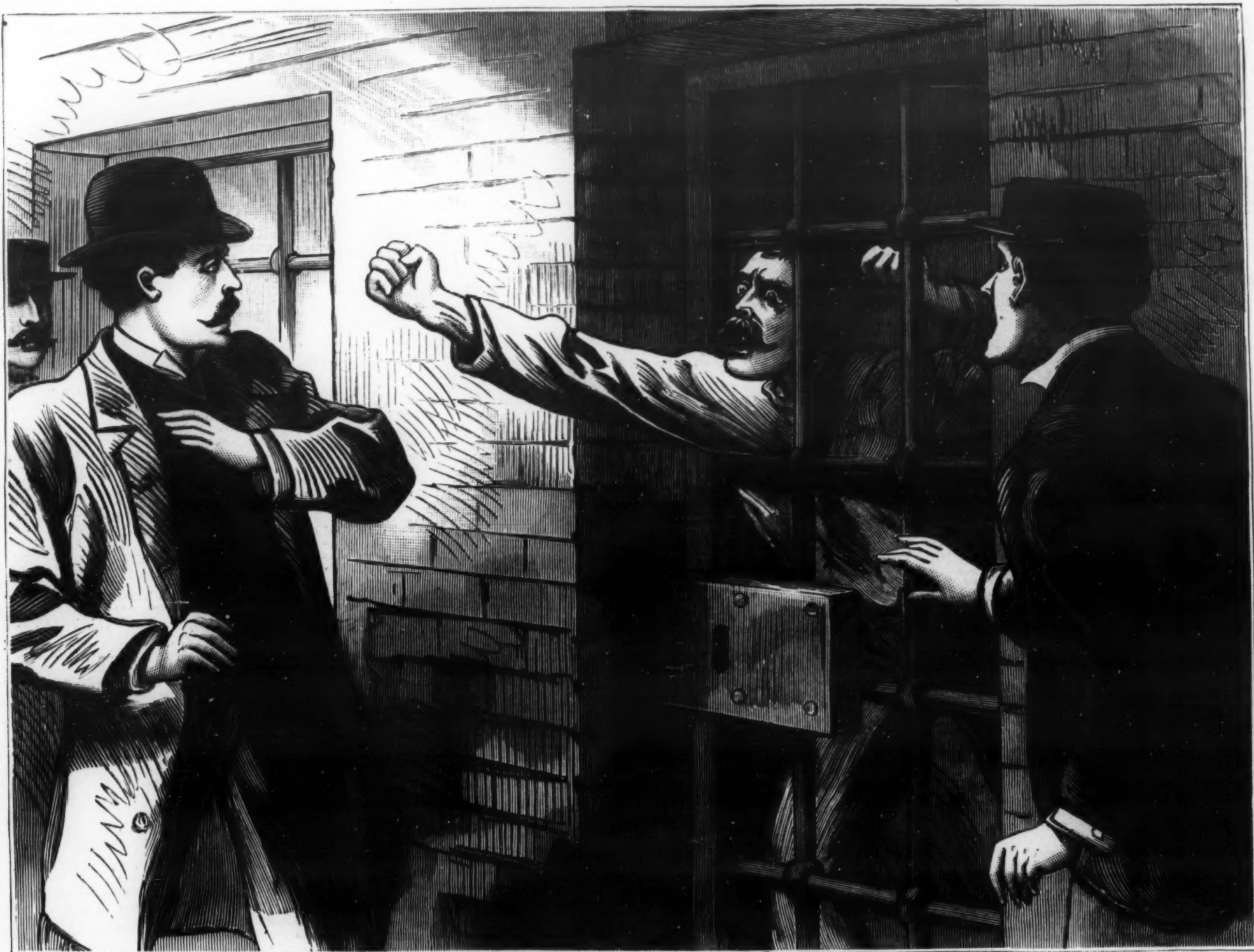
Peter Maher could not sign the articles of agreement brought to him by his manager, John J. Quinn, quickly enough. They were the articles which are to govern his fight with Fitzsimmons on Feb. 14 next, and Peter did not even take the trouble to read them. "Be the powers! I want to fight," said Peter, and scratched his name down. Even if Maher is defeated he will have the sympathy of the sporting public, and if he shows as much gameness in the ring as he has manifested anxiety to make the fight, he will give a run for what money is put up on him.

The Harlem Coffee Cooler is not one that likes to play second fiddle. His recent inglorious defeat at the hands of Dan Creedon before the National Sporting Club, of London, left him an ex-elon about the world's metropolises, with small browsing. It is true the Cooler had married well before his exposure at the instance of Creedon; and he might have retired and lived a happy life, contenting himself with snuggling up a second-rater now and then. But nothing of that sort for the man from Harlem. Imbued early with the maxim that it is whole hog or nothing, he set sail over the channel after his recent discomfiture for the fresh battle domain of France, where he finds himself once more cock of a nation. In that big domain, with its teeming millions, as far as he can see or hear or think, the Cooler is champion fighter of all weights; each night at the Parisian playhouse he struts the boards, defying the whole of France to come and see him, four rounds, \$200 if they stay. Fighters in France are as snakes in Ireland, so the Cooler is there all by his lonesome, cock of the nation.

## This is Not a Hoodoo.

Mistress or Wife? By Paul de Kock, No. 13, of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. An exquisite story, in the best vein of the famous French writer, with 12 unique illustrations. Price by mail, securely wrapped, 50 cents. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.





CURSED HIS BROTHER BEFORE HE DIED.

SENSATIONAL SCENE MADE BY MURDERER HAYWARD BEFORE HE WAS HANGED, IN MINNEAPOLIS.



LIZZIE B. RAYMOND.

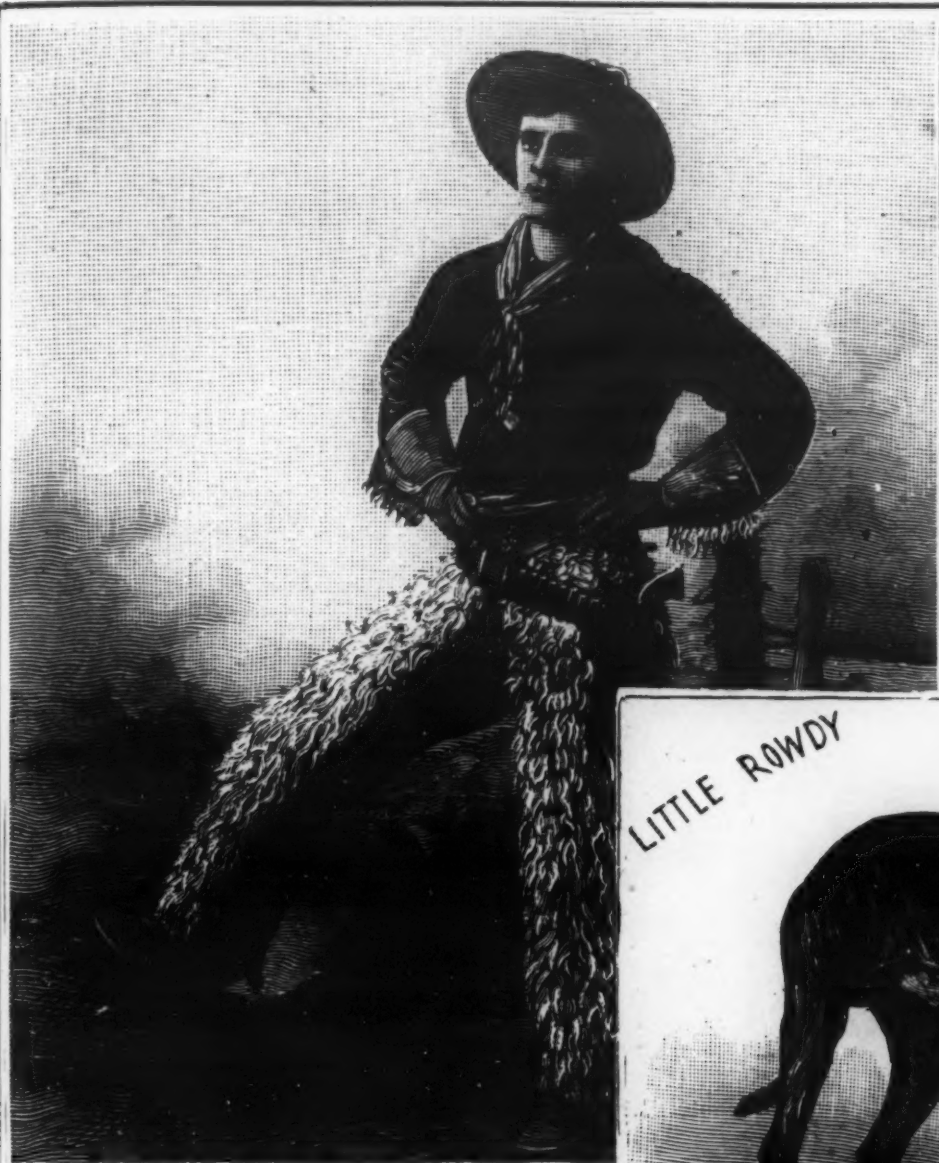
JUST NOW SHE IS ON TOUR WITH THE WEBER AND FIELDS VAUDEVILLE CLUB AND MAKING A HIT WITH HER CLEVER WORK.



HAD SUICIDAL MANIA.

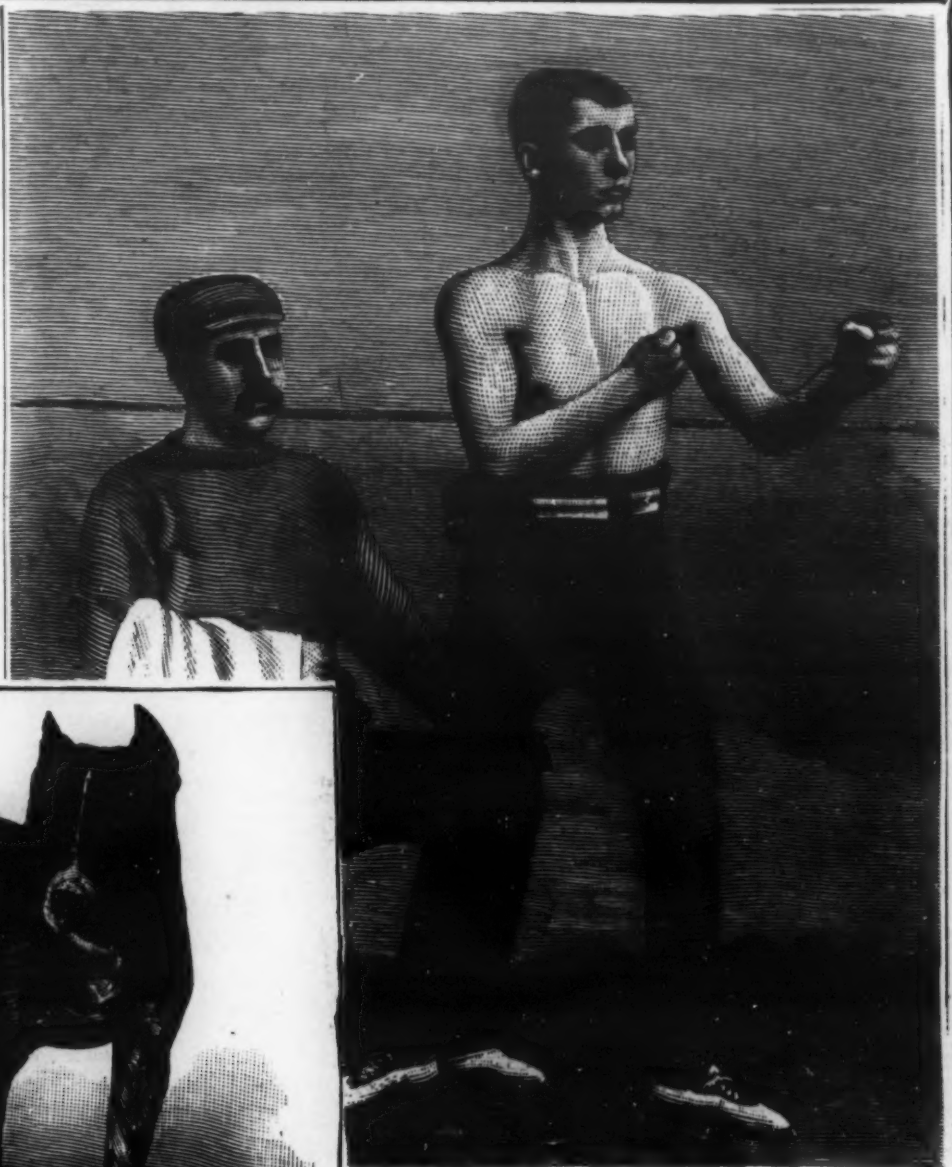
ONE OF THE WASHBURN SISTERS COMPANY TRIES TO JUMP OFF THE BOSTON EXPRESS, BUT IS RESCUED IN THE NICK OF TIME.





JOE CAMPBELL.

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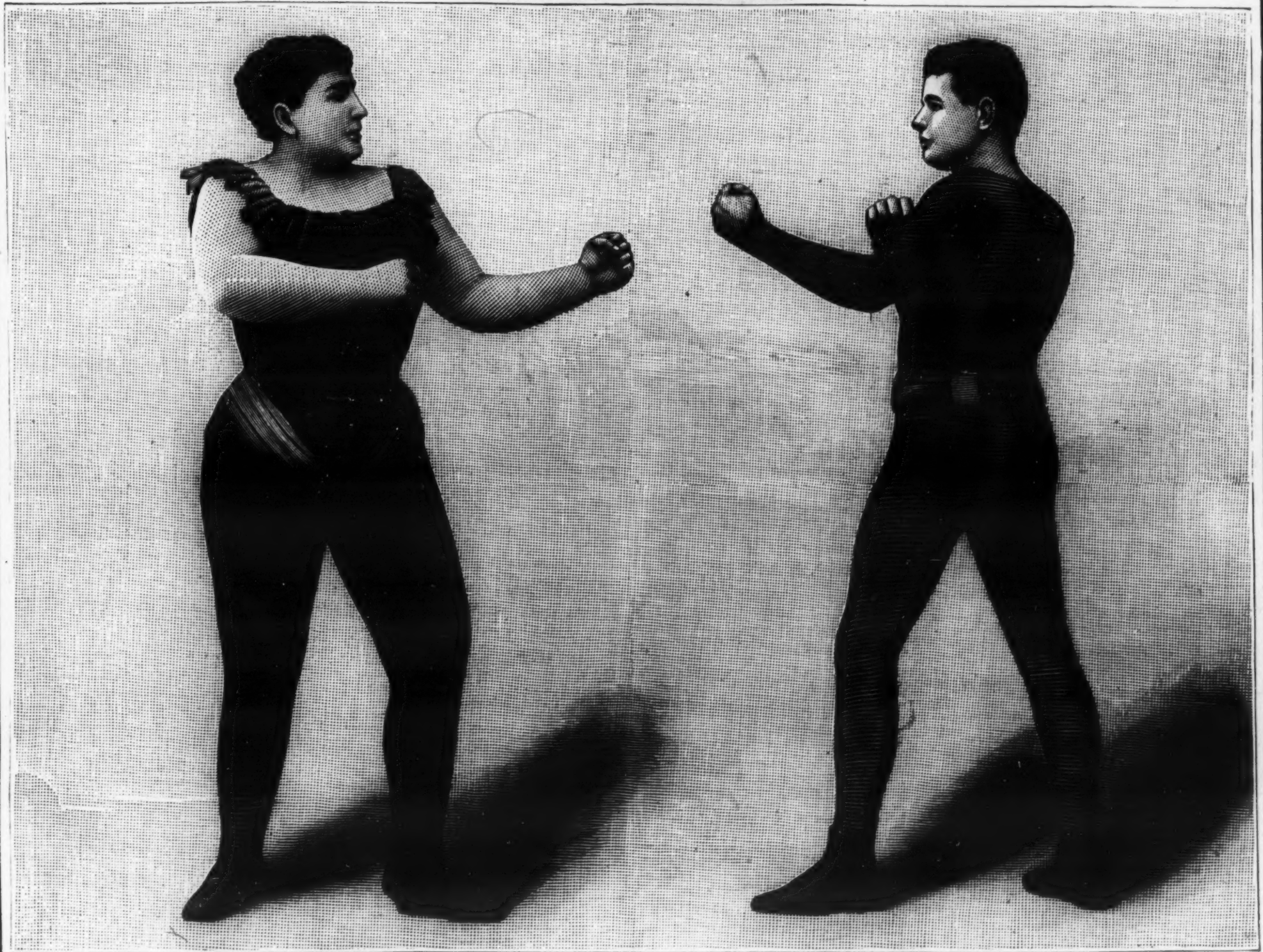


PEDLAR PALMER.

THE BANTAMWEIGHT CHAMPION BOXER OF  
ENGLAND, PLIMMER'S CONQUEROR.



LITTLE ROWDY



HATTIE STEWART

TOMMY GILLEN.

OUR GALLERY OF SPORTING CELEBRITIES.

HATTIE STEWART, WHO CHALLENGES ANY FEMALE BOXER IN THE WORLD--A COWBOY CHAMPION--  
PEDLAR PALMER, WHO BEAT PLIMMER, AND LITTLE ROWDY.



## OUR FAMOUS BARTENDERS.

Ramon Villalonga, One of the Most Famous Concoctors of Beverages.



Ramon Villalonga, whose picture is presented above, is the leading attraction at the well-equipped bar and billiard hall kept by Tony Hepp, corner Seventh avenue and Fourteenth street, Ybor City, Tampa, Fla. Mr. Villalonga is an adept at billiards and manipulates the keys on the German accordion with such skill that it is doubtful if he can be equaled by any one in America.

## ONE HONEST MAN.

Dear Editor: Please inform your readers that I was written to confidentially, I will mail, in a sealed letter, the plan pursued by which I was permanently restored to health and manly vigor, after years of suffering from Nervous Weakness, night losses and weak, shrunken parts.

I have no scheme to extort money from any one whomsoever. I was robbed and swindled by the quacks until I nearly lost faith in mankind, but, thank Heaven, I am now well, vigorous and strong, and anxious to make this certain means of cure known to all. Having nothing to sell or send (C. O. D.), I want no money. Address: JAS. A. HARRIS, Box 80, Delray, Mich.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

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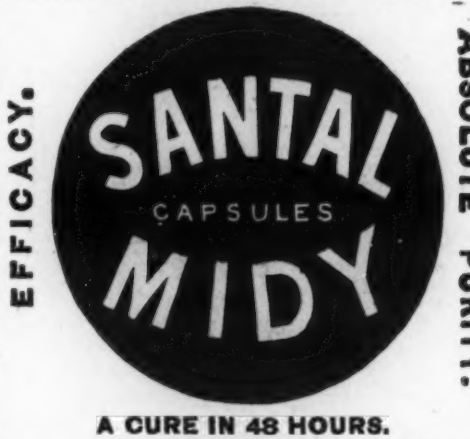
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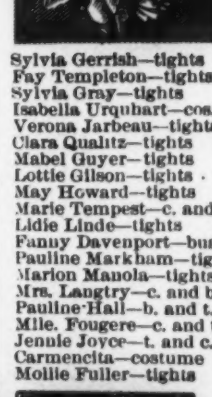
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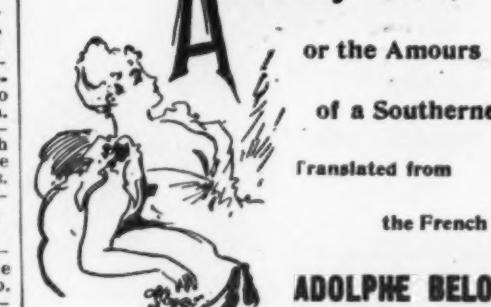
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